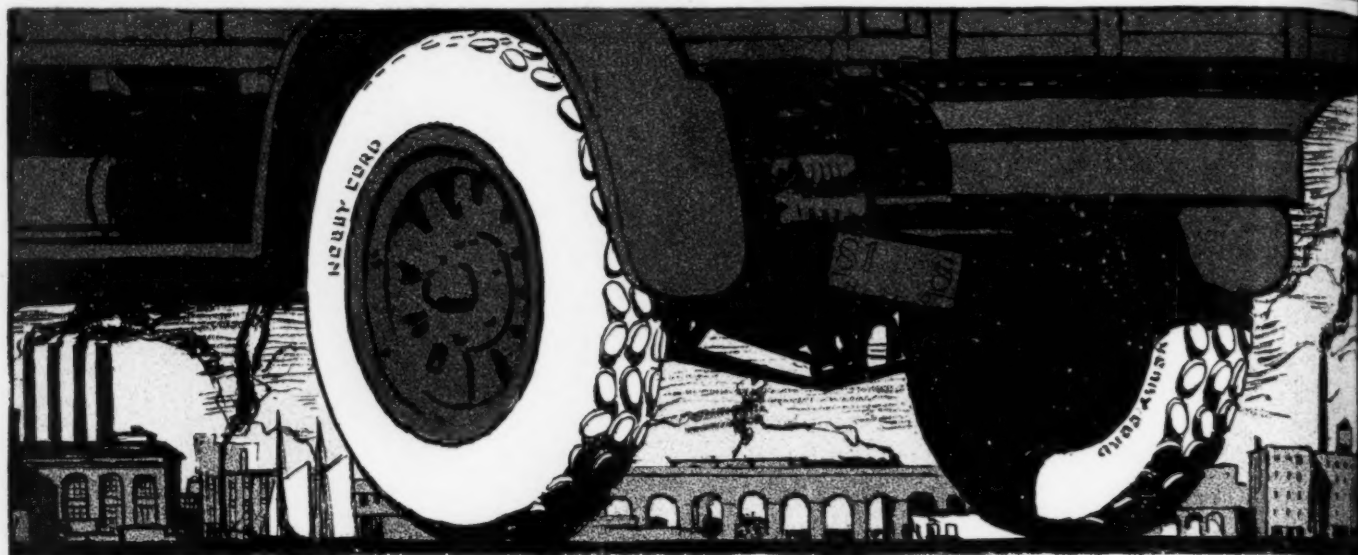


Life



The Profiteer



ARE PNEUMATIC TRUCK TIRES ECONOMIC

WE often boast of our railway, telephone and telegraph systems as making the complexities of modern life possible.

But with the amazing spread of transportation, it becomes necessary to add the motor truck.

* * *

What kind of transportation the country gets in the next few years will depend in a large measure on how *economically* and *efficiently* its trucks are operated.

Here is a problem that has been engaging the attention of the United States Rubber Company since motor trucks were first introduced into this country.

It has never been the policy of this company to wait until a thing was well established and then go after a market that is already there.

Long before there was any market for

Pneumatic Truck Tires—long before the need for them was realized by truck owners generally—this company started work on the idea of putting a heavy truck on air.

* * *

The Pneumatic Truck Tire which it finally developed was developed to *meet trucking conditions*—not market conditions.

It is a Pneumatic Truck Tire—not simply a passenger-car tire made larger.

The energies of the United States Rubber Company have *always* been directed primarily into *building better tires* and only secondarily into building bigger sales.

* * *

In buying pneumatic Truck Tires, *be sure that they are built to meet trucking conditions*. Otherwise you will find them needlessly wasteful and extravagant.

U.S. Pneumatic Truck Tires

United States Rubber Company

Fifty-three
Factories

The oldest and largest
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred
thirty-five Branches

"The Best Boy's Story
In Our Generation"

MITCH MILLER

BY
Edgar Lee Masters

Author of "The Spoon River Anthology"
Who continues W. S. Braithwaite in the
Boston Transcript

"In MITCH MILLER joins those classic authors
who have written immortal stories of American boy-
hood. . . . The most entertaining picture of boyhood
since Tom Sawyer."

Illustrated by JOHN SLOAN, Price \$3.50

Order of your bookseller, or of
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

Life

TWO words were born twins—"I" and
"Am."

There are two powers that co-operate—
"I" and "Can."

There are two ideas that work together
—"I" and "Do."

There are two thoughts that conceive
and bear fruit—"I" and "Know."

There are two spirits that make har-
mony—"I" and "Will."

There are two infinities that coincide—
"I" and "God."

ONLY the mind pays taxes on air
castles.

"They WORK
while you sleep"



Best Laxative for Men,
Women and Children.
10, 25, 50c—drugstores.

W. L. Douglas

THE SHOE THAT HOLDS ITS SHAPE

\$7.00 \$8.00 \$9.00 & \$10.00 SHOES

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

**YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY WEARING
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES**



THE BEST
KNOWN
SHOES IN
THE WORLD

The best known shoes
in the world. They
are sold in 107 W. L.
Douglas stores, direct
from the factory to you
at only one profit, which guarantees to
you the best shoes that can be produced, at
the lowest possible cost. W. L. Douglas
name and the retail price are stamped on
the bottom of all shoes before they leave
the factory, which is your protection
against unreasonable profits.

W. L. Douglas \$9.00 and \$10.00 shoes are abso-
lutely the best shoe values for the money in this
country. They are made of the best and finest
leathers that money can buy. They combine
quality, style, workmanship and wearing quali-
ties equal to other makes selling at higher prices.
They are the leaders in the fashion centers of
America. The stamped price is W. L. Douglas
personal guarantee that the shoes are always
worth the price paid for them. The prices are
the same everywhere; they cost no more in
San Francisco than they do in New York.

W. L. Douglas shoes are made by the highest
paid, skilled shoemakers, under the direction
and supervision of experienced men, all working
with an honest determination to make the best
shoes for the price that money can buy.

W. L. Douglas shoes are for sale by over 9000 shoe dealers
besides our own stores. If your local dealer cannot supply
you, take no other make. Order direct from factory. Send
for booklet telling how to order shoes by mail, postage free.

CAUTION.—Insist upon having W. L. Doug-
las shoes. The name and price is plainly
stamped on the sole. Be careful to see
that it has not been changed or mutilated.

W. L. Douglas President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.,
147 Spark Street,
Brockton, Mass.

Indian Summer

NOVEMBER days are here again
With chilly eve and morn—
Dame Nature's voice in warning raised
That Winter's blasts are born.

But ere the snow its cov'ring spreads
And Earth to sleep beguiles,
Old Summer lifts her sun-lit face,
Looks back at us and smiles.

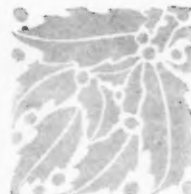
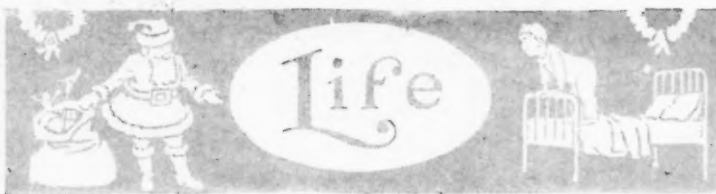
The greatest number that LIFE
has ever issued is coming. Look for
the Christmas Number, a double
number—cover by Maxfield Parrish.
On sale at all news-stands the week
beginning November 29th.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

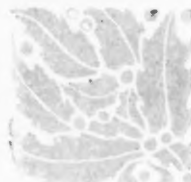
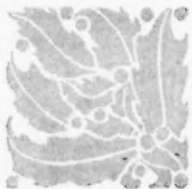


Next Week The Christmas Number of Life

A large double number with cover by Maxfield Parrish and contributions by Booth Tarkington, George Ade, Edward S. Martin, Irvin Cobb, Agnes Repplier, Stephen Leacock, Don Marquis, Meredith Nicholson, Frank Crane. Pictures by Oliver Herford, Charles Dana Gibson, Gluyas Williams, Angus MacDonall, Victor C. Anderson and a host of others.

Twenty-five cents

This super-issue is only the beginning of a great series of coming numbers of LIFE, including the Lawyers', Snobs', Travelers', Animal, and, in February, the Two Thousandth Number, all about LIFE itself. Can you afford to miss any of these coming issues? You cannot. And how about obeying that impulse and sending LIFE as a Christmas gift to your friends? Rates below.



Special Offer

(Open only to new subscribers)

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.20, Foreign \$1.40).
Send LIFE for three months—twelve issues—to address below:

.....
.....
.....

Or

Enclosed find Dollars (One Year \$5; Canadian \$5.80, Foreign \$6.60), for which send LIFE for one year as a Christmas gift, with an appropriate Christmas card, to the friends whose names and addresses are attached herewith.

.....
.....



Beautiful Closed Cars Of Highest Quality

THE closed models of the Cleveland Six have won a distinctive position by the extraordinary qualities of their design, staunch construction, splendid cushioning and upholstery, and comfort in riding. Built by America's leading body-builders, the Cleveland Sedan and Coupe stand far out from among the commonplace. In beauty of line and in the nicety of detail they are comparable to the similar models of high-priced cars.

The sturdy Cleveland chassis on which these bodies are mounted gives every assurance of dependable service. The Cleveland motor, most highly refined of the overhead valve type, is powerful and flexible. The low underslung spring construction provides riding comfort to a degree not found in many cars. The ease and simplicity of its control and positive brakes are other features which make the Cleveland a distinctly better car.

The Cleveland Six is sold by a leading dealer in 2000 American towns and cities.

Touring Car (Five Passengers) \$1435
Sedan (Five Passengers) \$2445

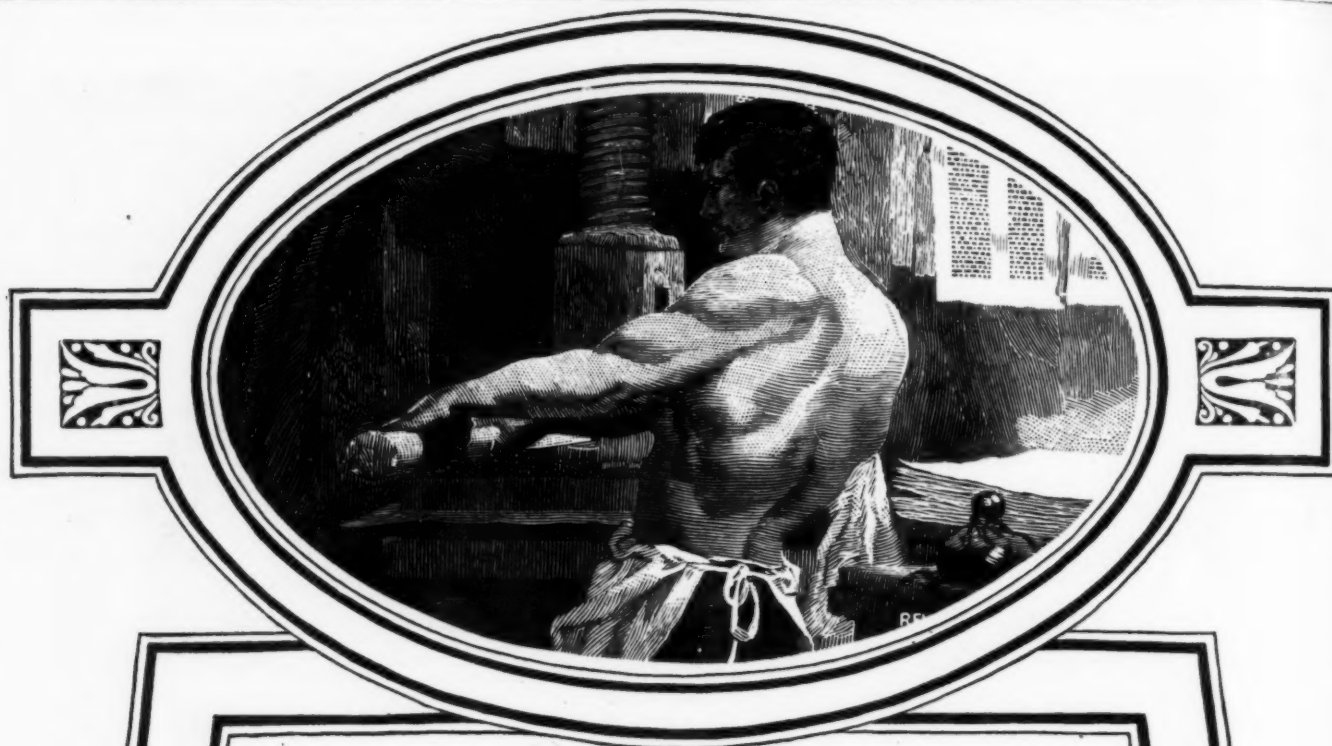
Roadster (Three Passengers) \$1435
Coupe (Four Passengers) \$2345

Prices F. O. D. Cleveland

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In Retrospect

THINK you that powerfully we remember

Trenches and crosses and Flanders
To-day?

Think you the papers they signed that
November,

Soldiers and gallant commanders,
Will stay

Valid and honored and unviolated?
Already their texts have been mauled and
debated!

Have you forgotten the tales we related?
Under the commonplace things we now
say—

We are the Soldiers
Of Yesterday!

We have laid by olive drab for the quiet
Unwarlike hues of the old business
Clothing.

Think you we laid by the thought of the
diet

We got in the trench? For the Hun
have less
Loathing?

Think you, because we don't mope, sigh
and ponder

In heroic phrases, or wild praises squander,

We've forgotten the buddies who sleep
over yonder?

Don't let forgetfulness lead you astray—

We are the Soldiers
Of Yesterday!

Treachery lives! Treason goes unmo-
lested!

Should we look spinelessly, silently
At it?

While we are men, by our reason attested,
While we have strength left to see—we
Combat it.

The vows we once swore to are not the
less said!

The stripes of the flag we love not the
less red!

The buddies who died for us not the less
dead!

We shall not see the land fall to decay—

We are the Soldiers

Of Yesterday!

Joseph Andrew Galahad.

The Power of the Imagination

"I WAS sixty my last birthday, and I
don't feel a day older than I did when
I was twenty-one."

"I never pay any attention to the pre-
vailing fashions, but dress to suit my-
self."

"I never make 'company' of anyone.
All I do is to lay down an extra plate."

"I simply don't care what other people
do or say or think. I have my own stand-
ard of thinking and living, and other peo-
ple can have theirs."

"I never worry about anything."

"I am fifty years old, and I never was
sick one single minute in all my life."

"I don't care anything about owning
an automobile. I am always nervous in
one, and I would rather walk any day."

"I never gossip nor listen to gossip,
and if I can't say something kind about
people, I keep still. If I have to hear
gossip, I always let it go in at one ear
and out at the other."

Usually

FRIEND: How long did they regard
you as a hero after you returned
home?

RETURNED SOLDIER: Until " tried to get
a job.

THE brotherhood of man begins with
the manhood of the brother.



"I THOUGHT THERE WAS A MOVEMENT IN YOUR TOWN FOR ALL THE CHURCHES TO
MERGE INTO ONE."

"THERE IS."

"WHAT'S THE DELAY?"

"THEY CAN'T DECIDE WHICH ONE."

How We Saved Our Little Home

WHEN our landlord raised our rent for the fifteenth time we were in a dreadful quandary, for my husband's earning capacity had long ceased to keep pace with the H. C. of L.

After pondering gloomily for a month or two, I sprang from my chair with a whoop of joy.

"What is it now, dearest?" asked my faithful Algernon patiently.

"Leave it all to me, darling, and all will yet be well," I gaily assured him. "I have found the way out of all our difficulties."

The next morning I wrote a play, which was at once accepted, and with my advance royalties I bought a dozen raw oysters, which I pastured in our agate dishpan, feeding them from time to time on oyster crackers, which they greedily devoured. The intelligent creatures soon learned to know my voice, and it was a pretty sight to see them crowding to the edge of the dishpan, as soon as they were summoned to a meal. In a few months they had increased to a dozen large orders, outgrowing the dishpan, so that we were obliged to transfer them to the bathtub, keeping the dishpan in use, however, as nursery for their tiny, fluffy cubs.

As the dishpan could no longer be used for washing dishes we were obliged to take our meals at restaurants, and Algernon was inclined to grumble at the expense, but I could always soothe him by pointing out that we would soon be making enormous profits by the sale of our pearls. I shall never forget the morning when we were awakened by a faint cackling, and shoving a fat oyster off her nest, beheld our first pearl. Many and many a pearl have we found since in the cosy little nests in the bathtub, but none that looked so rosily lustrous.

Since giving up the bathtub to the oysters, we were living in a Turkish bath establishment, whence we hastened every morning to feed our hungry little flock and collect our pearls. The herd had now so greatly increased that we needed a second bathtub. The apartment overhead was already tenanted, but a few sticks of dynamite soon remedied that, and half of our stock of oysters was transferred to the new quarters.

We had no difficulty in finding a ready market for all the pearls that we could raise. When it is considered that on Manhattan Island alone there are three million two hundred and forty-seven thousand five hundred and sixty-eight stenographers, each of whom buys at least three strings of pearls a year, it will be readily seen that the utmost efforts of our oysters could barely supply the local demand. It was never necessary for us to consider the out-of-town trade. Twice a week Algernon, a fresh white apron over his dainty overcoat, fills a large basket with pearls, and takes his stand at the corner of Fifth Avenue and

Forty-second Street, at the noon lunch-hour. It is needless to say that all the leading jewelers of the neighborhood appreciate the opportunity to purchase absolutely fresh, new-laid pearls.

Our rent has been raised again, but we are not disturbed, as by the help of honesty, perseverance and the industry of our faithful oysters we are always able to keep a lap and a half ahead of the landlord.

I append a copy of our little budget:

One doz.	
r a w	
oysters.\$.75
Three	
pounds	
oyster	
crack-	
ers ...	1.00
Advance	
on play	1,000.00
Rent of	
second	
apartment	8,000.00
Sale of 6,000,000 pearls at an average of \$7.39 per	
pearl	6,000,000.00
Algernon's basket	1.75
Algernon's aprons (six)	12.00
Dentist (extra service, owing to personal tests of	
pearls)	8,364.00
Net profits	\$17,000,000.00

We have found raw oysters more satisfactory for our purpose. With a portion of our profits we have purchased a second home, and we are now busily engaged in trying out a method of saving that.

Chrysanthemum R. Addicks.



SHE WOULD LEAD HER OWN LIFE

Rebellious young Annabelle Fyfe
Swore she'd be nobody's wife.
She cut off her hair,
And wore her knees bare,
And occasionally ate with her knife.

Copyright Life Pub. Co.



He: DON'T YOU LOVE TO BE IN THE COUNTRY AND WATCH THINGS GROWING?

"NO, I PREFER THINGS WHEN THEY'RE GROWN."



Sunday-School Teacher: NOW, CHILDREN, WE WILL TAKE UP THE BIBLE TEXT.

New Pupil: ARE WE GOING TO READ THE BIBLE?

"WHY NOT?"

"WHY, THEY TOLD ME IF I CAME HERE I WOULD JUST HAVE A GOOD TIME."

How to Solve the Irish Question

THE New York *Nation* is organizing a committee of one hundred impartial citizens to hear both sides of the Irish question, Sinn Fein, Black and Tan, Ulster and Cork, from representative witnesses. When this committee has heard the evidence, it will probably say, "Dear, dear!" and go home.

We would suggest a better solution. It has as its basis a committee, like that of the *Nation*. Only it should be made up of the following:

All Sinn Fein sympathizers who go to Irish plays, cheer every other line and hiss England.

All apoplectic Britishers who go about demanding "the unrelenting use of force" in quelling uprisings.

All actresses playing the parts of Irish colleens in this country.

All actors playing the parts of half-witted Irish minnesingers. (Found chiefly in forward-looking barns in the Greenwich Village district.)

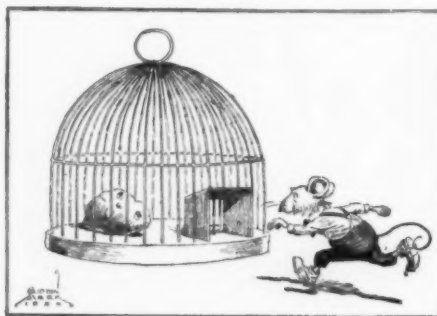
All Irish tenors who quaver at the end of a high note.

All American congressmen with the Irish vote in mind.

All American anglophiles.

This committee should be invited to meet on board one of the older of the Sandy Hook boats. After equipping it with a supply of bread and water, the boat should be taken out beyond the three-mile limit and lost.

NO matter—Christian Science.



"WELL! THIS MUST BE ONE OF THOSE BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE!"

No Man Could!

THE brawny hired man pitched my grip into the back of the wagon, climbed to his seat and took the reins. After a silence I pursued the great topic.

"Help scarce here?"

"Wall, no; not so turrible sceerce; pretty considerable, though. We got red of one nuisance this morning."

"Lazy?"

"Thunder, no! He done his own work and wanted to take hold of mine as well. Too pushing; too infringing. I calculated to be the first one at the barn mornings, but no matter if I got up before daylight-saving time, he was on hand. This morning I went out at three o'clock to get ahead of him, and there was the durn fool, whistling and rubbing down the horses! I couldn't stand that. No man could. I got a grouch on, and one of us had to go. He packed off about sunrise!"

POST: A man can die but once.

PARKER: Once used to be enough, until these psychic experts got busy.

"I" and "Myself" and "Me"

WHEN on myself I sometimes turn
My gaze, with introspection stern,
Three persons there I seem to see,
"I" and "Myself," they are, and "Me."

"I" stands alone with confidence,
Pugnacious, quick to take offense,
Assertive, masterful and strong,
Forever right and *never* wrong,
As Lewis Carroll once avowed,
"I" is extremely "stiff and proud."

"Myself" is rather different,
A chap who is less confident,
Yet full conceited—selfish, too,
And steeped in ego, through and through.
Though others oft "Myself" decry,
He's very, very dear to "I."

Unlike the other two is "Me";
A timid little fellow, he;
Self-conscious, given oft to erring,
My scorn and pity both incurring.
Still, though he's shy as he can be,
While few like "I," a lot like "Me."
Eliot Harlow Robinson.

Helpless

BROWNE: Could anything be more
pathetic than to see a baby crying for
its bottle?

TOWNE: Watching a passenger wait-
ing for change of a ten-dollar bill from
a taxi-driver.



Mrs. Hatterson: HOW IS YOUR NEW COOK?
Mrs. Catterson: SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
"WHEN DOES SHE COME?"



Mother: BOBBIE, I'VE TOLD YOU A DOZEN TIMES YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY MORE CANDY.
IF YOU ASK AGAIN I'LL PUNISH YOU.
Bobbie: OH! THEN YOU DIDN'T MEAN WHAT YOU TOLD ME YESTERDAY ABOUT PER-
SEVERING.

What the Public Wants

THEATRICAL MANAGER: Well!

What do you want?
PLAYWRIGHT: Sir, I've written a play.
"Everybody's doing that. Get out!"
"It has a bath tub in it—"
"Yes? Have a chair."
"And a bedroom—"
"Here, have a cigar."
"And a young girl and a minister."
"Have a couple of cigars."
"In the third act—the big one—the
minister is stricken with remorse."
"With what?"
"With remorse. He regrets his weak-
ness."
"Sorry, young man, but that kind of a
play doesn't go. I'm busy."
"I forgot to tell you that the minister
is already married to another woman."
"Here's all the money I've got for ad-
vance royalty."

Safety First

MRS. DYER: Have you succeeded in
finding an apartment?
MRS. NEURICH: Only for our car.

The All-American Political Team

Selected by LIFE'S Football Inexpert

THE magazine or newspaper in the United States which allows the month of November to slip by with no attempt to designate an All-American team is as hopelessly out of date as the magazine or newspaper which goes through June without making reference to brides or Commencement Day. Therefore the editors of LIFE, ever mindful of their time-honored obligations to the great reading public, have instructed their leading Football Inexpert to select an All-American aggregation of political stars—basing his selections on the performance of the various contestants in the season which ended on November 2nd. His job is no sinecure, for it is not easy to pick an all-star team when there are so few stars to pick from, but he has done his best with the mediocre material at hand.

His selections follow:

Ends

Calvin Coolidge, who wore the purple at Amherst and has since worn the purple on Beacon Hill, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, of Harvard and the Navy, seem to be the logical candidates for the wing positions. Both young men are nimble and alert, and ready to tackle anything that may come their way. During the past season they have demonstrated that they can handle any forward passes that are thrown to them from the backfield—no matter how weakly or inaccurately they may have been hurled—and they have both been adept in recovering fumbles. Coolidge made a name for himself in 1919 when he scored several touchdowns against the strong Boston Police team.



W. HARDING,
R. H.-B.

A. PALMER,
F.-B.

J. COX,
L. H.-B.

H. LODGE,
Q.-B.



C. COOLIDGE,
R. E.

A. BURLERSON,
R. T.

H. JOHNSON,
R. G.

W. TAFT,
C.

B. PENROSE,
L. G.

J. DANIELS,
L. T.

F. ROOSEVELT,
L. E.

Tackles

The line will be decidedly strong in this feature of play. Josephus Daniels, of the Navy, and Albert S. BurlerSON, who hails from the Lone Star state, have both been on the gridiron for a long, long time, and have become case-hardened and toughened, as a result of the severe roasting which they have received. They have both been consistently successful in smothering all interference, and, although they have displayed their greatest strength while fighting on the defensive, they have many qualities of an offensive nature. BurlerSON, in particular, is well posted in all the essentials.

Guards

Boies Penrose, the mammoth Pennsylvanian, who is one of the original old guards, will be ably aided and abetted by the most aggressive, peppery fire-eater on the squad—Hi Johnson, the man who hung the "No Admittance" sign on the Golden Gate. Penrose has won well-deserved laurels for his steam-roller tactics in crushing all opposition, and is able to block anyone who attempts to get through, over or by him. Johnson has the tendency to be headstrong, and on one occasion at least has been known to execute a shift when the signals called for a mass formation. His ability as a kicker, however, should more than make up for this slight defect.

Center

No one will dispute our choice for the pivotal position. William Howard Taft, the wiry son of Old Eli, is the most reliable passer in the country, and will have a steadying effect on all the



Less Speed but More Progress

various elements on the team. His presence in the center of the line will make for harmony and better team work by all his fellow players, and he is especially efficient at breaking through and blocking his opponents' kicks.

Quarter-back

Here is another position which is open to no dispute. Henry C. Lodge, of Harvard, has proven himself to be the grid-iron ace of the season. His masterful field generalship has been the outstanding feature of the major contests this fall, and, in spite of inferior and blundering support, he has led his team to victory. He knows every stratagem of the game, from the hidden-ball trick to the shoe-string play, and he is a veritable wizard at the art of interference. He undoubtedly ranks among the greatest players that have ever donned the moleskins. We say that without reservations.

Full-back

A smashing, crashing human tornado is Mitch Palmer—known in old Penn as "the Fighting Quaker." Time and again he has demonstrated his ability to tear his opponents to shreds, and he is absolutely unstoppable whenever he starts to see red. He is a firm believer in the omnipotence

of force, and he never knows when he is licked.

Half-backs

While unusually well equipped in other departments, the present All-American team does not quite measure up to previous all-star aggregations in so far as the half-backs are concerned. Although Warren Harding and Jimmie Cox, both of Ohio State, are competent players, they have displayed a disturbing tendency all through the season to fumble at the most crucial moments in the most important games.

Cox has proved that he is able to cover a great deal of ground; he is a good plunger, and eager to tackle any and everybody on the field—whether they happen to be carrying the ball or not. On certain occasions he has been known to head for the wrong goal. Harding, while less spectacular, has been a more consistent ground-gainer, and statistics show that he has seldom been thrown for a loss. He is an exponent of the old line, conservative game, and is particularly adept at kicking goals after someone else has made the touchdown.

Coach

Woodrow Wilson will assume the duties of coach from now on, having retired from active participation in the mêlée.

The players on the field will always be conscious of the fact that he is sitting on the side-lines, taking notes, and offering advice to all concerned.

Water Boy

William J. Bryan will extract a great deal of satisfaction from the task of slaking the athletes' thirsts with pure water, served in lily cups. He promises that, if the lads come out victorious, he will feed them a little grape juice as a special reward.

Cheer Leaders

Will H. Hays and George White, after truly Herculean efforts, have succeeded in stirring up a slight semblance of enthusiasm among the bored spectators in the grandstand, and should therefore be rewarded with mention in the all-star list.

Official Scorer

William Randolph Hearst is assigned to this berth because it is safe to assume that any errors he may make in recording the progress of the contests will be decidedly in favor of the home team.

Such is the roster of the All-American Political Team of 1920. Take these selections home, dear reader, and try them out on your harmonica.

Robert E. Sherwood.

This Bubble World



AN expedition, sent out by the Museum of Natural History, has traveled to Asia, and will remain there five years in search of the missing link between ape and man.

Why go all the way to Asia, when Washington is so easily accessible?

* * *

A cat may still look at a king, but recent reports from Europe indicate that the cat had better hurry up about it.

* * *

A Philadelphia judge advocates punishment for women who don't read the newspapers. How about making them read the Woman's Page?

* * *

Five hundred and fifty missing persons are being looked for in Philadelphia. Won't somebody do something for the regular inhabitants?

* * *

"Good morning," says one crook to another these days. "Did you have a nice crime last night?"

* * *

A superintendent of the Iowa Society for the Friendless says many ex-service men are living by their wits. Well, you could hardly expect them to live by the wits of the Federal Board of Vocational Training.

* * *

The salary of an assistant professor at Cornell has been raised to \$2,630 a year; but matters aren't so bad as they might be. Professors who work hard and pay strict attention to their duties, it is understood, are to be promoted to the post of janitor in a dormitory.

* * *

Efficiency experts are to take charge of the mail service. So everyone who thought that the service couldn't possibly be any worse will now have a chance to guess again.

* * *

The price of sugar is going down, and the Amalgamated Order of Housekeepers will now join gratefully in the singing of "Sweet and Low."

* * *

A group of flatdwellers in New York recently presented their landlord with a loving cup.

It is our guess that the gift contained some of the same solution that was in the cup which the Athenian people presented to Socrates.

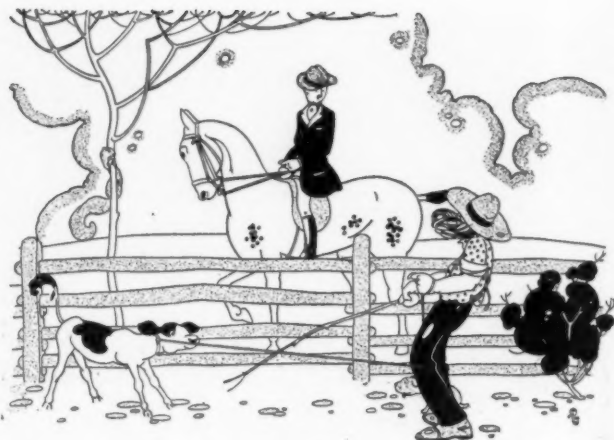
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The American Legion made the sensible announcement that they intended to steer clear of all political controversies and intrigues, and then, almost in the same breath, issued a second announcement to the effect that they would take a definite and decisive stand on the question of Japanese immigration in California.

To which the country at large replies, "We think we heard you the first time."

* * *

It has recently been computed that in the United States there is one death due to automobile accidents every thirty-one minutes during the sixteen allotted waking hours. Every year now you have one chance in ten thousand of being run over and killed. But do not be discouraged. Next year it ought to be one chance in nine thousand. And if you are still alive in ten years, you will be dead before you know it. Progress is our watchword.



PLACING HIM

"AH! SO YOU'RE A FARMER! HOW JOLLY! TELL ME—HOW'S YOUR HAY?"

"BEST CROP IN YEARS, YOUNG FELLER—NO NEED FER YOU TO WORRY ABOUT FOOD THIS WINTER."

An Exception?

A VISITOR in Kentucky came across that rare specimen, an unmarried colored man.

The negro was a quiet elderly person, not shiftless, but quite industrious, so the Northern man felt curious and determined to find out why he had remained single.

"Uncle Jim, how does it happen that you are so opposed to matrimony?" The old fellow looked up with a grave face, but there was a twinkle in his eye as he replied: "Me, suh! I ain't erposed to matrimony."

"Well, why is it that you have never married," his inquisitor continued. "Haven't you seen anyone you liked?"

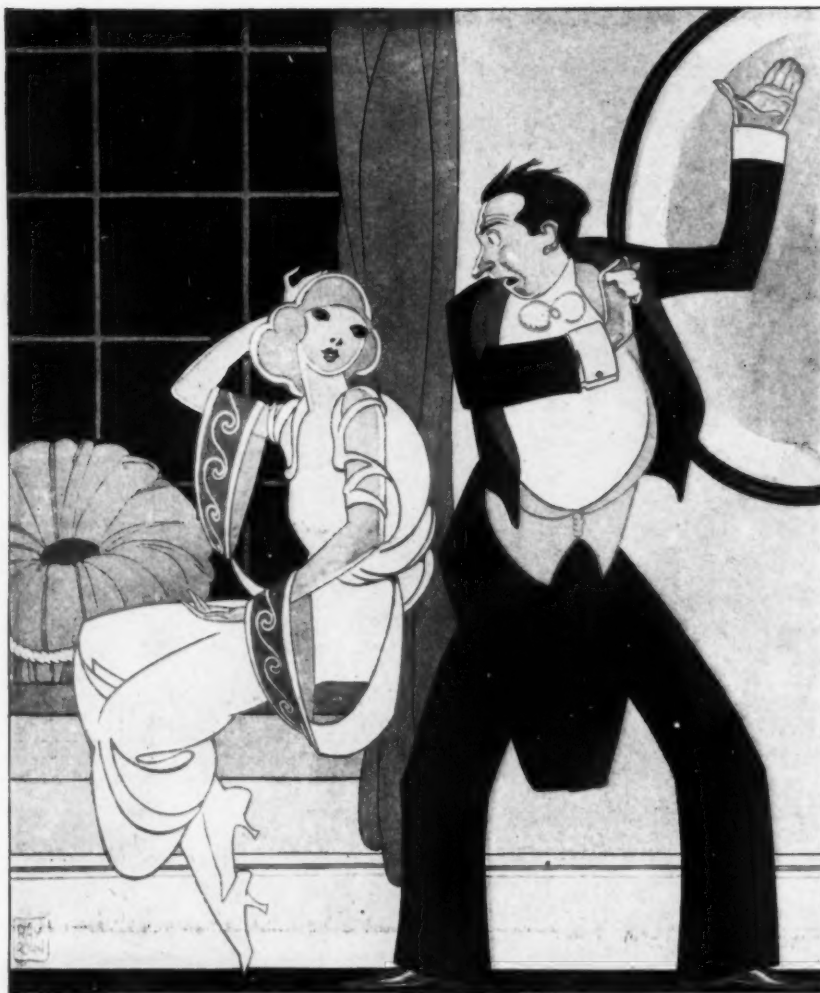
"Lawd! yessah—but you see it's thisaway: I couldn't *resk* my judgment."



"CAN'T YE MAKE THE BANDAGE LARGER, MOTHER? THAT WON'T SHOW HARDLY AT ALL."



The Red Ball Is Up



Ardent Suitor: IF YOU DON'T MARRY ME I'LL BLOW OUT MY BRAINS.
 "OH, NO; I DON'T THINK YOU WILL."
 "WHY NOT?"
 "YOU'RE NOT A GOOD ENOUGH SHOT."

A Standardized Existence

A VISITOR at large, I stand,
 Beneath a standard sky—
 Where everything is standardized
 To please the standard eye.

Each tree is of a standard height,
 Each building is the same;
 Each man is uniform in weight,
 And has a standard name.

Above there is a standard star
 Beside a standard cloud,
 And standard weather here prevails
 To please the standard crowd.

The airplanes, motor cars and trains
 Are standard to a T—
 And only boats of standard make
 Can sail the standard sea.

In standard moonlight lovers flout
 Their standardized delight;
 While standard cats meow about
 With standard boots in sight.

Such perfect uniformity
 Exists throughout the land,
 That birth itself is standardized
 To meet the great demand.

With standard joy, and standard gain,
 The standard people live;
 And if there is one bit of pain,
 'Tis such that standards give.

And when with pallid, measured art
 The undertakers come,
 The standard spirits all depart
 To standard spirit-dom.

Latimer J. Wilson.

Short Cuts

DID you read your newspaper this morning?

On the first page a man confesses to a district attorney that he has been grafting on coal deliveries. He threatens to implicate hundreds of others who have been making millions, hundreds of thousands—or thousands or hundreds (depending upon their relative opportunities for dishonesty) by faking priority orders in coal and adding about twenty profits to a ton of coal between the mine and yourself.

Immediately adjoining is the story of eight baseball stars who sold their past reputations (which were glorious) and their livelihoods (which were assured) for some thousands of dirty bribe dollars (most of which never reached them).

Three columns are devoted to a flock of flat-house landlords who are endeavoring to unroof half a million tenants in a desperate effort to collect about three times the reasonable amount of rent.

Next we read of trebled prices for beets, potatoes, beans, fish and meat, for no apparent reason except that a lot of men want a lot of money without too much delay.

On the fashion page, a cashless unknown is indicted for owning a ten-million-dollar ship concern without visible funds. The ships he received were paid for by taxpayers and were allotted through a governmental agency.

His news neighbor is a bond-buyer who made nearly a million in a hurry on bonds bought for a state fund.

On the back page one finds the final details of the recent Boston bubble. A financial nobody garnered ten millions of other people's cash by offering impossible overnight profits.

Near the bottom of the editorial page there is a four-line poem, redolent of happiness and optimism. Its author received a dollar for his contribution. It is his first accepted manuscript.

Query: How many millions of coal graft, baseball crookedness, high finance, food profiteering, rent gouging, ship stealing and short-cut, dishonest dollars does it take to give the real joy of that solitary simoleon earned by a new-born author for his first verse? *S. T. Sterne.*

Railroad Combine

WILLIS: So you've just returned from an extended trip. How's the railroad situation?

GILLIS: About the same as ever. Congestion in the freight-cars and indigestion in the dining-cars.

Out of the Multitude of Business

"HOW'S every little thing?" asked the shipping clerk of the little stockroom girl. She hadn't been working long, and she was rather pretty, and—well, you know how it is.

"Pretty well," answered the little girl. "All but lunch. Gee, how I hate those lunch rooms—hot, crowded and smelly—ugh! And the food—"

"What's the matter with the food?" asked the shipping clerk a bit belligerently, for he had been eating in lunch rooms for a long, long time.

"Say," answered the little one, "I wish I had me a stove and something to cook. I'd show you what the matter was, quick enough. Say," she continued excitedly, "wouldn't it be fun if there was a stove in this old office—?"

"Here?" exclaimed the clerk, incredulously.

"Sure! Gee, I'd cook lunch on it every day. No more lunch rooms for me. That is," she added wistfully, "if they'd let me."

"That's a good one—cooking your own lunch in an office."

"I could do it." The little girl's eyes were sparkling with the happy thought of it. "And maybe the other girls would be interested and bring stuff in—and I'd cook it for them—"

"Say, kid," remarked a stenographer who had caught the idea *en passant*, "speaking of cooking, I wield a rather wicked skillet myself. Gee, wouldn't it be fun! Do your marketing

before you came down in the morning. Kind of like a party, every day."

"Gosh!" sighed the shipping clerk gallantly, "I bet it would taste good. But wouldn't it be expensive?"

"Expensive?" The little girl dimpled. "Two-egg omelet for ten cents; four plates of soup for fifteen; about a mile of spaghetti for twenty-two— If we all clubbed together—"

"Ouch!" exclaimed the clerk. "Don't tell me any more—"

"And," added the crafty little child, "I could cook your lunch too, if you wanted me to. . . ."

"Gee! Would you do that?" The clerk suddenly felt the full force of the idea, and another came over his consciousness—a vision of a trim little figure bending happily over a stove, preparing his meal—*his* meal. . . . "Gee!" he exclaimed again, and his voice had a tone almost as wistful as the little girl's, "if we only had an old stove." His hand reached out and caught the fingers of the little girl. She was woman enough and child enough not to rebuff him. And perhaps it was faintly possible she liked the shipping clerk.

"If we only had a stove," she whispered.

In his inside office, the keen-eared boss chuckled. "Combining domesticity with business, are they?" he asked himself. "Well, it would be a time-saver. And maybe—it's more than possible—the idea is practicable—"

Whereupon he carefully inscribed a note to that effect on his memorandum pad.

Henry William Hanemann.



Lawyer: I HEAR, MADAM, THAT YOUR BREACH OF PROMISE SUIT WILL RUN ON FOR ANOTHER WEEK.
Fair Plaintiff: HOW DISTRESSING! I'VE ONLY TWO GOWNS LEFT THAT THE COURT HASN'T SEEN.



LOCAL GOSSIP

Cal Sampson is a natcherel fiddler. He's a dabster at playin' "Listen to the Mockin' Bird," and he figgered he might decoy some quail with his fiddle. So he went up inter that piece by the wood lot an' set down and imitated—"Bob White."

Wall, Bill Smalley wuz doin' a little gunnin', and he heard a funny soundin' quail and snuk up on him, and when he see Cal wuz a-trickin' him he took his gun an', jest fer a joke, let 'er go. Cal jumped 'most ten foot and started runnin', scart to death. He must 'uv gut the notion he ~~wuz~~ a quail; anyhow, he dum near flew, fiddle and all. Bill waited till he wuz fur enough away, so'st wouldn't hurt much, and let him hev the other barrel. His pants wuz a total loss, onless Miss Sampson kin use 'em fer lace curtains.

Bill sez ef Cal wants to imitate quail, he's willin' to do his part.

Here's Another of those Irish Bulls

O'HOULIHAN: Pwhut's a pessimist, Mike?

MULDOON: He's a feller pwhat burns his bridges behind him an' 'thin crosses thim before he comes to thim.

INTERVIEWER: And did you work your way through college?

PROMINENT OLD PARTY: No, I didn't; but I'm working my son's way through. Maybe the Lord will forgive me.



THE BOARD OF ALDERMEN HAVE PASSED AN ORDINANCE LIMITING THE LENGTH OF A SKIRT

The Presence

IT stole into the little room at the hour a tender, loving young mother had usually come with good-night kisses and caresses for the sturdy little Boy. But she would never come again. A dry sob choked the little Boy's throat when this other unknown Presence settled down in the room.

It followed the Boy, now grown larger, into the barn-like room of the Dormitory where he studied alone. It travelled with him to the Great City.

For awhile Love and Dreams seemed to banish It, but the Boy was ambitious and thrust Love from him.

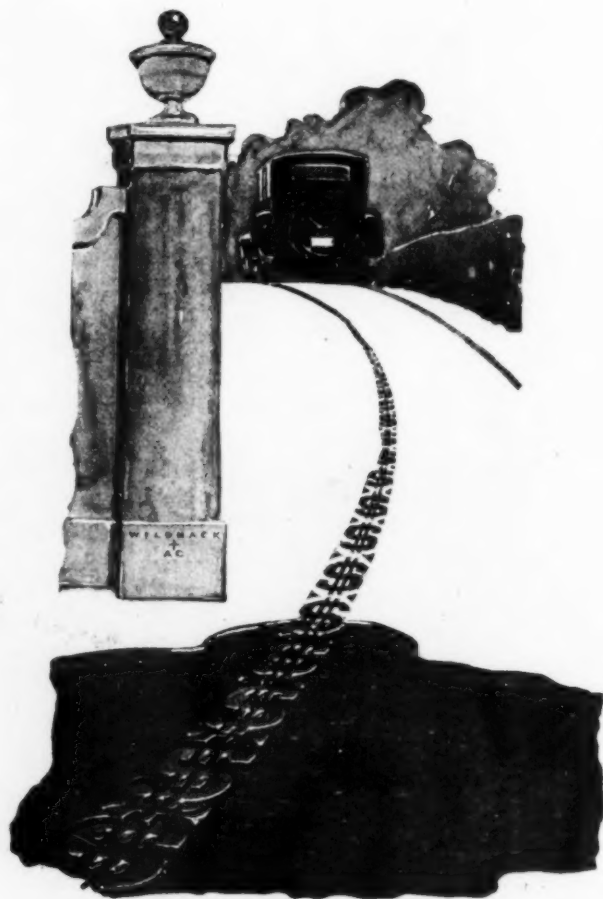
Then Success and Fame came to him, and for brief periods he did not see the Thing which ever followed, and then he would find it on the arm of the overstuffed chair at his club, and always in the crowd of the street, and ever by his lonely bed.

Old Age arrived, and now It was at his side for almost all of his waking moments.

And when the old man was about to die, he cried out: "Who are you, that have followed me, and cursed me, and made the sweets of life bitter, nearly all the days of my life?" And the Presence answered: "I am Lonesomeness, and I follow all men save those who abide in the Love of a Woman."

MAUD: Why does everyone hate Carol?

BEATRIX: She's able to keep a secret, all her umbrellas and out of debt.



MR. AND MRS. AUSTEN TASHUS HAVE THEIR TIRES MADE TO ORDER

A Comparison



HER NEW DRESS AND



HIS NEW SUIT



NOVEMBER 25, 1920

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ONE of those stockbrokers' letters that come in everybody's mail observed

under date of November 6th: "The satisfactory outcome of the presidential election will restore confidence, and business will be carried on with renewed vigor. The present low prices of stock-market securities are largely the result of the public's lack of faith in the nation's industrial future, and now that confidence has been restored a vigorous upward turn of the market seems imminent."

But the upward turn did not come. On the contrary, election was barely over before stocks slumped and the headlines of the papers had such items as that seventy-five thousand factory workers had been discharged from employment in Cleveland.

Old campaigners will grin at these immediate sequences of the great victory for prosperity, and as they were under way and would have befallen, whoever won, though perhaps they were held back till after election, it may cheer the Democrats that they have been able to stand from under before the load dropped. Under a Democratic administration we have had times of great inflation, profiteering, high wages and what is called prosperity. As the Republicans come in they meet deflation, falling prices, declining business, lowering wages and probably extended unemployment. That is a hard situation for the Republicans; something that they are not to blame for, nor the Democrats either, but the effects of which will pinch the party in power as they become felt. It is quite possible that the whole of the big Republican majority will dissolve in a couple of years. The like has

happened before, and the reasons to expect it this time have much weight. The combination that carried the election was very loose, and is liable to split apart under the stress of any kind of affirmative action. It will be hard for Mr. Harding to take any course about the League of Nations and about a good many other things that will not scandalize a good part of his present following. All that may hearten the Democrats and bother the Republicans, but it does not help the world any, and since the world needs all the help possible, it behooves observers, who care more for the world than they do for politicians, to put themselves betimes behind any movement that promises to be helpful.

When the newspapers discuss who will be Mr. Harding's Secretary of State and say that it won't be Mr. Root and that it may be Mr. Knox, it brings home the great uncertainty of the League's chances if it waits until Mr. Harding becomes President. When Mr. Harding has had his conference with leading minds about the League, the conclusions reached will at least be revealed to the Pro-League Republicans, and if they do not like them, it is possible that the League-Republicans in the Senate may join with the League-Democrats to pass a Treaty for Mr. Wilson to ratify while he still has the power. The League should never be a party measure. If it is signed by a Democratic President it should have just as many Republicans behind it as possible, and *vice versa*. Its prospects are dubious, but if we have it at all, it should have the backing of all the people who want it, in whatever party found, and it should be entered on such terms as they are able to agree upon.

Heaven knows what Mr. Wilson would sign, but the election must have lightened his sense of responsibility, and one would

think he would be willing now to ratify the Treaty in the best form he can get, rather than let it take chances with his successor.



THIS world is not doing well, not even our part of it. Not only have stocks slumped, but character and standards of conduct seem to have done the same. It is as though the avoidance of a great public duty was being paid for in these States by degeneration. Prohibition is not working any too well. Whisky is plentiful and not too dear to find customers, and in the dearth of all the milder drinks it seems to have assumed a great deal more than its natural share of the work of alcoholic stimulation. One hears that the colleges were never so full of it, and have not been for years so much troubled with alcoholic excitements. In and near the great centres of population murders are comparatively frequent, robberies by force are recorded daily, and when fleeing criminals leave their stolen motor car and take to the woods, they usually leave a half-consumed supply of whisky behind them.

Then there is the case of the girls, and the discussion of what is the matter with them, and why they wear the clothes they do, and tolerate the dances they jazz, and why they are so indulgent to whisky flasks in the keeping of young men, and stay out so late at night, and all that. Also people who still value fidelity to the obligations of family life ask what has got into people that so many women, of whom something quite different might reasonably be expected, leave husbands and children and go off with lovers. Of course the whole population of the United States is not on the loose yet, but a good many nails that used to hold are pulling out,



"MAYBE THE NEW BOSS WILL HELP ME"

and what between the public shows and the private gossip, observing people are getting used to sights and stories they never expected to tolerate, and begin to wonder whether the distinction between right and wrong is not fading out.

As for Europe, it is a gloomy story, very troubled at the best, and at the worst incredibly miserable and hopeless. The America-first idea that we can shut our eyes and ears to Europe, and let disaster befall there that we might have averted, and suffer no ill consequences ourselves, is a counsel of perdition. What our duty is may be debatable. If so, let us debate it, and find it out, and do it on the run; for to shirk is bad morals, bad business, bad faith, bad everything. It is folly, folly, folly! Mr. Bryan would have Mr. Wilson get out of office at once, and get Mr. Harding installed—as is possible—without delay, so that matters that concern us and all the world need not halt. That will hardly be done. It seems less unlikely that Mr. Wilson will send the Treaty back to the Senate next month, and see what a combination of League-Republicans and Democrats can do about it. Partisanship has had its will with that

Treaty for too long: it is time that Duty had a turn at it. To pass it—to pass something that Republicans and Democrats could agree upon—might be a first step towards political and moral regeneration, while to get it out of the way would seem to be the most helpful service conceivable to the President-elect.



BUT the talk of the newspapers at this writing is not so much of the League of Nations as of the Baseball League. Only the fans know what all the trouble is about, but there seems to be a troublesome Johnson for the Baseball League as there is for the other. The offer of the presidency of the professional baseball organizations to Judge Landis of Chicago is quite an impressive incident of contemporary life. Baseball magnates have frequent and tremendous disputes, and want a man of character, ability and standing to settle them. They suggest paying Judge Landis a salary of \$50,000

per year, which is fair pay for a railroad president, and as much as some of the lower-grade movie stars get. The Judge at present receives \$7,500 per year for dispensing justice as a Federal Judge. If he needs money he may possibly accept the offer, but it is a very great entertainment to be the kind of Federal Judge that Judge Landis is, whereas being President of the Baseball Association might not interest him so much. The relation of wages and employment is much less absolute than most people think. A man's need of money is very much a matter of self-control, and the less he has to earn the more choice he may have about how to earn it. Possibly Judge Landis finds his present salary sufficient.

If the offer of the baseball men to Judge Landis brings it forcibly to the attention of Congress that the pay of Federal, district and circuit judges is much too small—especially for those who live in large cities—it will have a good and timely effect. The papers report that the senators and representatives are considering the elevation of their own wages from \$7,500 to \$12,500 or perhaps \$15,000. If they vote themselves these increases they may think it wise to have company in their fiscal enlargement, and pay practical attention to the needs of their fellow Federal employees, the judges and the postmen.



IN a proclamation calling for the observance of Armistice Day (Nov. 11) Governor Smith of New York, as reported in the papers, summoned "all citizens of the state to pay tribute to the world-war heroes, and to offer prayers for the repose of the gallant dead."

That is very interesting. Prayers for the dead conform to the practice of the Roman Catholic Church, but it used to be that the Protestant churches did not approve them. What the Protestant rule about them now is, only experts know; but Protestants pray according to inclination rather than church rules, and millions of them, especially since the war, do habitually pray for the dead.

Another official communication that deserves attention is that of the President, calling for generous support of the Red Cross. The Red Cross is the most available single agency by which the American people can reach, at home and abroad, the duties that political hesitations would keep them out of. It is in good hands and well run. Give to it liberally.

E. S. Martin.





How



The Woman Vote

IN case no one has ever said it before, let it be noted right here that it is wonderful what a woman can do when she puts her mind to it. Any doubters are referred to "Afgar" at the Central Theatre.

Provided with what are probably the worst comedy lines ever inserted end on end in a theatrical entertainment and surrounded by people speaking comedy lines equally ghastly, Mlle. Alice Delysia, by the simple expedient of turning on a 5,000-kilowatt current somewhere in her eyes (Song cue: "The Kilowatt-hours I Spent with Thee, Dear Heart") and doing something ever so slightly with one of her shoulders, succeeds in making the male voters in the audience think it is the greatest show they have ever seen, not excepting John Barrymore in "Richard the Third."

Although doubtless no one would be more surprised than Mlle. Delysia, it may be said that part of her charm comes from her innocence. Waiting for the raucous laughter to die down, I will explain. She is innocent, because she doesn't realize how frightfully bad the lines are that she has been given to say in English. Her English is delightfully indistinct, and she adopts a very confidential tone while delivering jokes which ceased being confidential jokes when the Desbrosses Street horse-car line ceased running. And the funny part of it is, you don't mind it a bit when she says them. It is terrifying to think of how much more she could say without your minding it a bit. Thus, when she remarks, with a great deal of comedy manner, that someone had better not try to hand her a lemon, there is a distinct and courteous outburst of gentlemanly laughter. This may possibly be the ever-polite American's tribute to an unofficial representative of the French people, and, then again, it may simply be a tribute to the person who first remarked on what a pretty woman could do to a big, strong man.

It is not quite fair to give to Mlle. Delysia all the credit for making more than tolerable an intolerable book. She is ably assisted by a small and incredibly agile English dancer, Lupino Lane, who is so much of a natural comedian that it makes no difference what he has to say, and also by M. Paul Poiret, who designed the gorgeously beautiful Oriental costumes and settings. The white gown and cape of green feathers provided for Mlle. Delysia in the last act would make Mr. Ziegfeld look twice at May Vokes. As worn by Mlle. Delysia, it causes the biggest emotional upheaval since the Moody and Sankey revivals.



"JUST SUPPOSE" is a pleasant little play palpitating with sentiment and culminating in a deliciously unhappy ending. For the thing that you are asked to suppose is that the Prince of Wales, on a visit to America, falls in love with a young lady from Virginia. Obviously the match is as impossible as the plot, and the two young people are given that rare

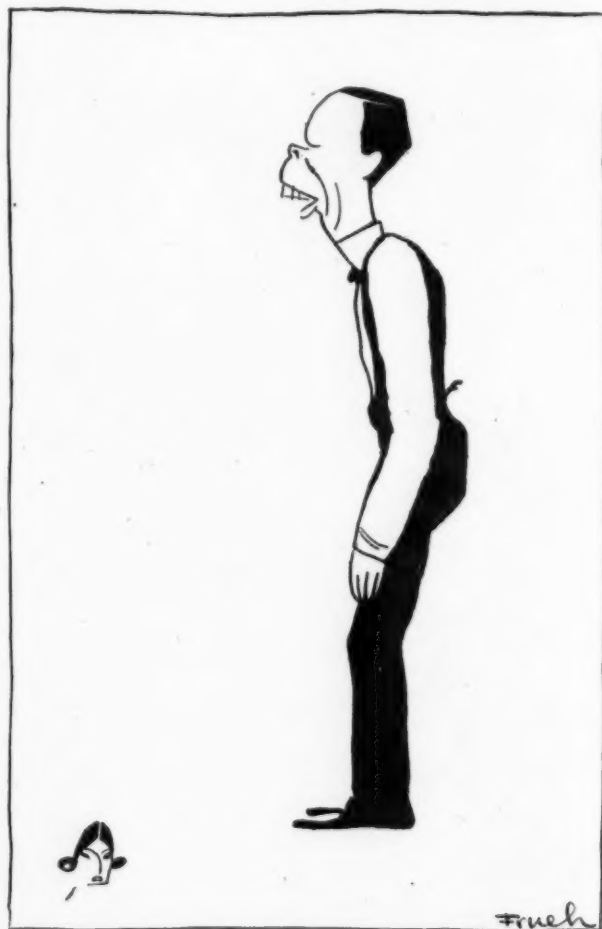
pleasure for lovers in the American theatre of bidding farewell to each other forever in the last act.

Patricia Collinge is sufficiently winsome in the part of the young lady, and Geoffrey Kerr has, fortunately for the play, come all the way over from London with his father, Fred Kerr, to take the part of the Prince, the elder Kerr lending distinction to the character of the Hon. Sir Calverton Shipley. On the whole, it is a nice little idea, spun out into a somewhat tenuous and over-sentimental play, but excellently acted by a good company.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the *Staffords* are the first Virginia family to be represented on the American stage who are not discovered, at the rise of the curtain, to be in genteel poverty owing to the Civil War. Grandpa Stafford had bought New York City real estate before the crash came.



IN thinking back on "The Half Moon" one has a mental vision of gracefully moving dancers and a general recollection of excellent music of which no five consecutive notes can be remembered. Joseph Santley and Ivy Sawyer, together with Oscar Shaw and May Thompson, are as easily moving a quartette as have been seen on the local boards for some time, and



FRANK CRAVEN IN "THE FIRST YEAR"
With a suggestion of Roberta Arnold in the corner

Victor Jacobi has given them some original and superior music as an incentive.

Joseph Cawthorne has received as his share a popular selection from the world's most famous jokes, which arouse pleasant memories in the audience.

"The Half Moon" is very respectable at all times, and especially pleasant while the orchestra is playing.

THE next time you are resting on a park bench and a stranger sits down beside you with a mandarin doll which he claims has supernatural powers, don't shoo him away, as you did the last time it happened. Be nice to him, and maybe he will give you the doll for your very own, and by means of it you may summon to you any lady whom you may wish to meet socially.

That's what happened in "The Man-

darin" to as nice a neurotic baron as you would meet in a week of Freudays. He wanted to scrape up a bowing acquaintance with any number of ladies, but he was so nervous and fidgety that he just couldn't bear the thought of going through all the preliminary small-talk. So the strange inventor helped him out with the loan of the accommodating doll. And from then on he had practically no time to himself.

Psycho-analysis is back of "The Mandarin," but it can hardly be said to deal with suppressed desires. The baron's desires had *carte blanche*, if any desires ever did. At any rate, all the characters turn out to be good old lunatics in the end, toddling about inside the playground of an institution. One looks in vain for the author among them. Maybe he is not allowed even out in the playground.

Robert C. Benchley.



Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

More or Less Serious

Belasco.—"One." Frances Starr trying valiantly to make one soul last two sisters throughout the season. A drama of telepathy well acted but unconvincing.

Bijou.—"The Skin Game." Class hatred as the basis for an interesting play by Galsworthy, giving us a glimpse of what a real piece of dramatic construction is like.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Opportunity." Strictly domestic product, involving women and Wall Street.

Frazee.—"The Woman of Bronze." Margaret Anglin superb in an emotional part worthy of a less conventional triangle drama.

Garrick.—"Heartbreak House." Notice later.

Marine Elliott's.—"Spanish Love." Much stamping of feet and sharp intaking of breath, flashing of eyes and rattling of castanets, all in the day's work of a Spanish lover.

Morosco.—"The Bat." Take your choice of murder, arson, assault, grand larceny and loitering. They are all here, and you must guess who did them. The only real mystery show in town.

Princess.—"The Mandarin." Reviewed in this issue.

Times Square.—"The Mirage." Florence Reed wasted on the timeworn part of the imprudent but prosperous gel from Erie, Pa., making good in New York.

Comedy and Things Like That

Apollo.—"Jimmie." Notice later.

Belmont.—"French Leave." Mr. and Mrs. Coburn in a weak reverberation from the war.

Booth.—"The Prince and the Pauper." An elementary but extremely pleasant romance, welcome, among other reasons, because it gives William Faversham a chance to use his voice and his sword again.

Broadhurst.—"The Spider." Notice later.

George M. Cohan's.—"The Tavern." Deserving of a classification alone by itself as Travesty. A typical romantic drama taken and gradually exaggerated until it goes crazy in the end. Arnold Daly in the leading rôle.

Cohan and Harris.—"Welcome, Stranger." Modern rustic setting for the age-old struggle of Jews against race-prejudice. Interesting, if not particularly high class.

Comedy.—"The Bad Man." Holbrook Blinn in one of the year's most delightful characterizations, a Mexican bandit with a gift for satire and a good aim.

Eltinge.—"Ladies' Night." A preparatory-school-boy's idea of what happens in a Turkish bath. (Note: It would have to be a very low-class preparatory school.)

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Conventional comedy about conventional marital troubles, helped along as much as possible by a good cast.

Fulton.—"Enter Madame." A light and sparkling exposition of the home life of a prima donna, acted with great skill.

Gaiety.—"Lightnin'." One of the show features of New York, along with the Poe Cottage and Fraunce's Tavern.

Henry Miller.—"Just Suppose." Reviewed in this issue.

Hudson.—"The Meanest Man in the World." Rapid-fire and highly amusing business conversation, with heart interest to taste, raised from the conventional by the presence of George M. Cohan in person.

Little.—"The First Year." All the unimportant things that have ever happened to you or your family crowded into a domestic comedy of practically universal appeal. Just about the funniest show in town.

Lyceum.—"The Gold Diggers." Ina Claire in a comedy of chorus-girl life which has been, and still continues, enormously successful.

Nora Bayes.—"Three Live Ghosts." Highly amusing adventures of three soldiers returned from the war after having been reported dead.

Park.—"Bab." The trials of a sub-deb who is misunderstood and humiliated by her family, made delightful by the eager Helen Hayes.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Costume play of the time of Washington Irving. Very sweet, but amusing.

Punch and Judy.—"Because of Helen." Drawing-room-and-terrace conversation among fashionably dressed masters of repartee. Not all of it good, but very little of it bad.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer." A temperamental actress and her reactions to misfortune. Entertaining but unconvincing.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Astor.—"Kissing Time." Innocuous musical comedy, pleasantly done.

Casino.—"Honeydew." Score by Efrem Zimbalist, deserving of a better book, but fortunate in its production.

Central.—"Afgar." Reviewed in this issue.

Century.—"Mecca." Just about the largest and most spectacular thing ever produced. Guess how much it cost!

Century Roof.—At 8:30 and 11:30 there will be recitations and tableaux by the boys and girls of the parish, and refreshments will be served—and paid for.

Cort.—"Jim Jam Jems." Fairly diverting combination of jazz music, jazz comedy and jazz dancing.

Globe.—"Tip Top." You may know of a more agreeable way to spend an evening than watching Fred Stone and listening to the Six Brown Brothers and the Duncan Sisters. If so, go and do it. You probably couldn't get a seat for "Tip Top," anyway.

Hippodrome.—"Good Times." Celebrate your tenth birthday here, no matter how many years ago it happened.

Knickerbocker.—"Mary." Already popular before it reached New York, and now even more so.

Liberty.—"The Half-Moon." Reviewed in this issue.

Longacre.—"Pitter-Patter." A musical version of "Caught in the Rain." Not so good.

New Amsterdam.—"Hitchy-Koo." Raymond Hitchcock, Julia Sanderson and Lawrence Grossmith. They don't do much that is particularly worth doing, but, then, they don't have to.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." Some of the best music in town, sung well, and Frank Tinney. Could you ask for more?

Shubert.—"Greenwich Village Follies." Gorgeous and original presentation of trifles, accompanied by some comedy not so gorgeous or original. But there are always Savoy and Brennan.

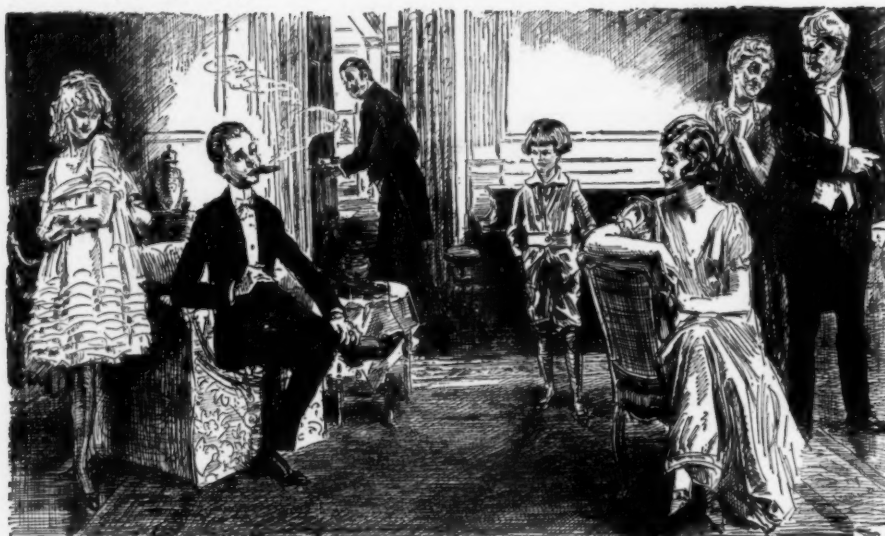
Vanderbilt.—"Irene." Tuneful music and pleasant book, proving that they can be the ingredients of a success which will last two seasons without the aid of what the public is supposed to want.

Winter Garden.—"Broadway Brevities." Bert Williams and some scenery, and when you have said that you have said everything. Even that is misleading.

Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic.—Art Hickman's orchestra, if you want to dance, or plenty of young ladies who are only too glad to dance for you. Something to eat in the ice-box if you get hungry.

LIFE'S Title Contest

Contest closes next week.



Copyright Life Pub. Co.

WHAT IS THE BEST TITLE FOR THIS PICTURE?

For the best title to the picture above,
LIFE will award prizes as follows:

First Prize,	\$500.00
Second Prize,	\$300.00
Third Prize,	\$200.00

The contest will be governed by the following

RULES

By "best" is understood that title which most cleverly describes the situation shown in the picture.

No title submitted shall consist of more than ten words. Hyphenated words will be counted as one.

The contest is open to everybody.

The contest is now open. It will close at noon on November 30, 1920.

All titles should be addressed to the Contest Editor of LIFE, Box 262, G. P. O., New York, N. Y. Envelopes should contain nothing but the competing title and the name and address of the sender, plainly written, all on the same sheet.

Titles will be judged by three members of LIFE's Editorial Staff, and their decision will be final.

Titles may be original or may be a quotation from some well-known author. Contestants may send in more than one title.

In case of ties the full amount of the prize will be given to each tying contestant.

The final award will be announced as early as possible after the close of the contest. Of this due notice will be given. Checks will be sent simultaneously with the announcements of the award.

In the Bachelor's Club

BROWNE: Brooks is very despondent; says he doesn't care what he does.

TOWNE: He needs watching; the first thing you know he'll be going off and getting married.

To Contestants

LOOK at the picture steadily before trying for a title. Then put it aside.

Go back to it—still without any effort at a title.

While you are engaged at this, a title that fits the picture perfectly may spring to mind.

If not, try describing the picture out loud—to yourself or, better, to others. Good titles are sometimes arrived at that way.

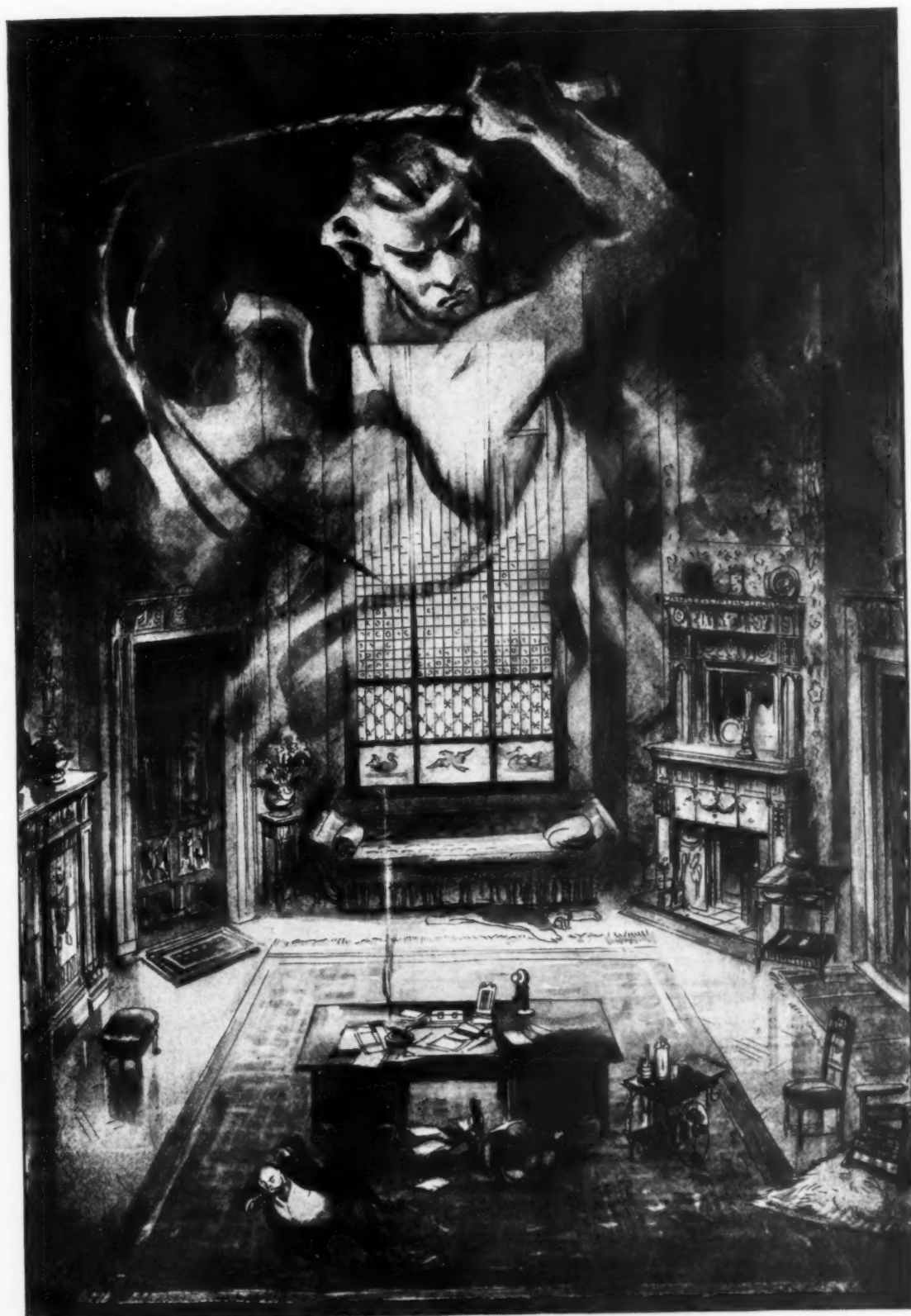
Don't be oratorical. Be colloquial. Take your time, and if the title doesn't come to you the first day, put the picture aside and look at it the next. But don't forget that the contest closes at noon, November 30.

Strive for two things—humor and sentiment. If you can get a combination of these fundamental things, and get it in one word, you may have made a masterpiece.



AN ATTACHMENT WHICH CONVERTS AN AEROPLANE INTO A TRANSPORT

We reproduce above another of LIFE's famous title-contest pictures of the past. It was first published in the spring of 1918. More than 170,000 replies were received. The winning title, given above, was submitted by G. G. McLean of Carpenteria, California.



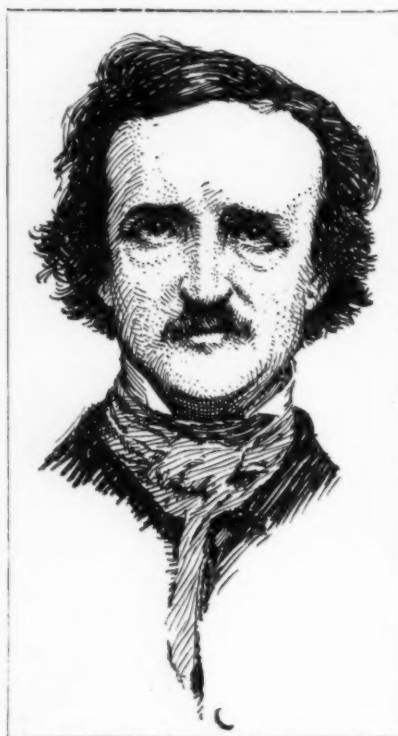
Remorse and the Profiteer

Edgar Allan Poe Speaks

(Note.—The accompanying verses represent an attempt to picture Poe's emotions as he observes the progress of the campaign now under way, in LIFE and other publications, for the purpose of preserving his former home in Fordham, New York. As he stands, "within the distant Aidenn," and sees that many people are contributing to this fund for restoring the little cottage where he spent the last years of his life, it is not unlikely that his thoughts go back to a time when no editor was willing to pay him more than ten dollars for "The Raven.")

SO they want to save the hovel where I
saw a blinding vision;
Where I dreamed the dreams no mortals
ever dared to dream before;
Where I pierced the black, oppressive
clouds, and roamed in fields Elysian;
Where I heard the ancient raven grimly
murmur, "Nevermore"—
Only this, and nothing more.

Ah! the place was bleak and bare,
And a nameless, dumb despair
Seemed to permeate the air:
But my eyes perceived a brilliance
That I know was never there—
That I'm sure was never there—
And I sensed the golden glamour
Of a realm where romance dwells,
As I listened to the clamor
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming, chiming clamor of the bells.



Why attempt to cloak my cottage in a
garb it never wore?
Why endow it with a smugness that it
did not know before?
Why should kindly hands restore it?
Why not flout it and ignore it,
As the world ignored its owner
In the dead, dark days of yore?
Or, if men refuse to spurn it,
Let them seize the torch, and burn it;
Let the flames have full possession
From the roof-tree to the floor.
But hark well—for when the fire
Sends its daggers higher, higher—
From the flames a soundless voice will
rise
And murmur, "Nevermore"—
Merely this, and nothing more.
Til at last the crimson flashes
Fall and die, and only ashes
Will remain to tell the story every black-
ened ruin tells;
And there'll come a distant mocking
(Such a strange, persistent mocking),
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
Oh, the scornful, mournful mocking of
the bells.

A Silhouette of the Desert

TALL, stately, erect she walked alone
under the burning sun, far out into
the desert—free once again from the con-
fining bars of that hideous prison.

How they had tormented her, given her
only bread and water to eat, and she the
most admired, most desired of her sex.
How unjustly they had treated her, and
what had she done to merit it all—noth-
ing, absolutely nothing.

Suddenly, far distant on the horizon,
a cloud of dust whirled into a spiral,
grew into one of those terrible sand
storms, bore down upon her with fast-
increasing speed, enveloped her, and she—
she buried her head in the sand, as every
other ostrich does.

Beyond

TABLE talk at the spiritist's dinner
party was all of the doings of those
who dwell in the other world. Little
Dorothy, sitting up late for the first time,
was much impressed.

"Mother," she asked as they tucked her
into bed, "where do the spirits go when
they die?"

That Is Always Possible

"MY dear, if we go to the movies now
the big feature will be half over."

"Well, wouldn't it be a relief to wait
until it's all over?"

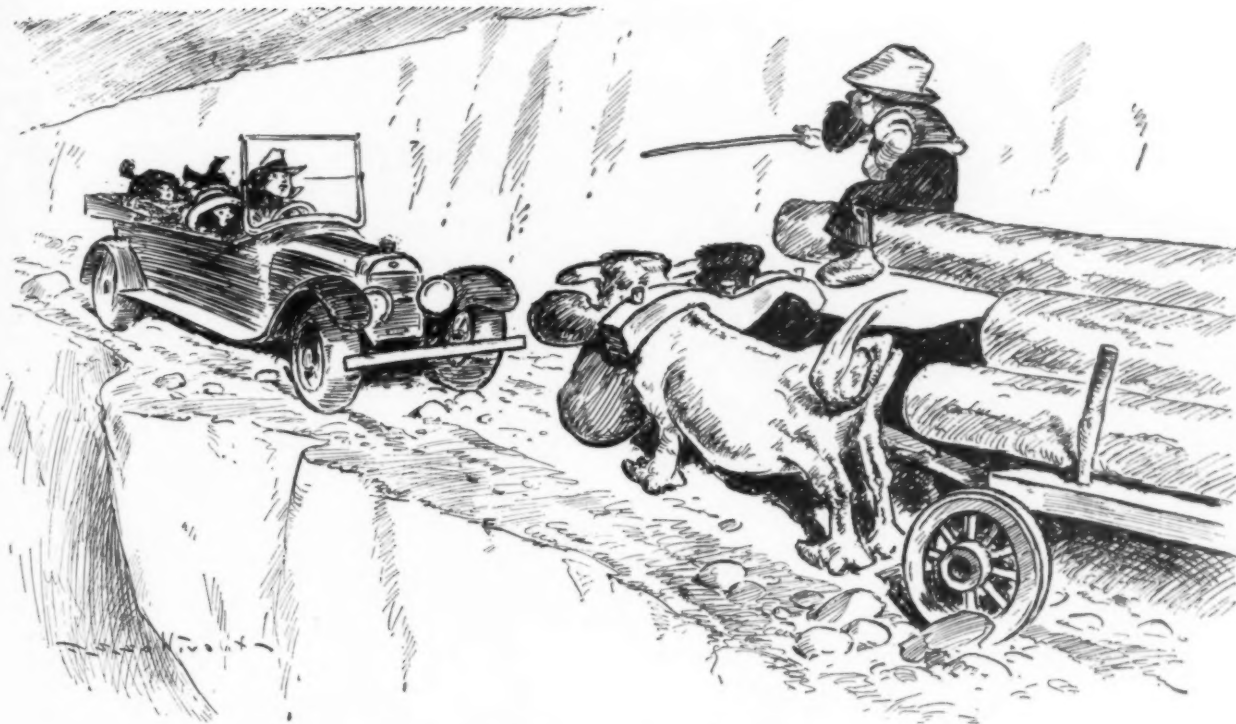
Compensation

SAD GOLFER: That's the fourth ball
you've lost.

BRIGHT CADDY: Never mind, sir; I'll
find 'em before play to-morrow mornin'.



"HEY! CAN'T YOU READ THAT SIGN?"



Autoist: HEY, THERE! HOW AM I GOING TO GET PAST?
 "OH! WE KIN PASS ALL RIGHT. YOU'LL HAVE TO BACK UP ABOUT TWO MILES AND WAIT FER ME."

Truth

WAY back in the darkness of the middle ages—that is to say, in the mid-years of the nineteenth century, a bard then well spoken of, William Cullen Bryant, asserted that

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again—
 The eternal years of God are hers;
 But Error, wounded, writhes with pain,
 And dies among his worshippers."

Taking it by and large, this is probably so; but we sometimes have to waste a good many of the eternal years waiting for the wounded and writhing error to draw his last breath. F'r instance—well, f'r instance, here's a man in the *Unpartisan Review*, telling us that the gentlemen of the Spanish Inquisition thought they were right, and adding: "So did the gentlemen of your own Colonial days who burned the witches in Salem town and sewed the scarlet 'A' on the breast of Hester Prynne."

Here in this single sentence are two errors, both of which ought to have died long ago. It is not true that the men of Massachusetts burned the alleged witches at the stake. Certainly not. In fact, nothing of the sort. The uncrushed truth is that the gentlemen of Salem town did not emulate Nero; they had an entirely different method of their own; they pressed their victims to death between boards. That's all. The result was the same, as far as the alleged witches were concerned.

And what's more, the gentlemen of Salem did not sew a scarlet "A" on the breast of Hester Prynne. The statute prescribed that the letter she and all her fellow sinners must wear should be of a color different from that of her dress. That's

all. The flash of scarlet was due to the genius of Hawthorne. Probably there were no more Scarlet Letters in Massachusetts than there were Blue Laws in Connecticut.

B. M.

Horse-power Misrated

THE new minister drove his two-horse rig up to the mountain ranch of one of his congregation. There had been some difference of opinion as to his qualifications. At the gate he was met by a small boy of the family, who was evidently cogitating a matter of deep perplexity.

"Be you our preacher?"

"I am."

The boy eyed first the preacher and then the horses, his brow puckered with growing perplexity.

"That's queer," he drawled. "I hern Dad tell the neighbors you was a one-hoss preacher."



"THESE INVESTIGATION COMMITTEES LIKE TO STALL AROUND. THEY START INVESTIGATING SOMETHING, AND THAT'S THE LAST WE HEAR OF IT"

LIFE'S Bi-weekascope



THANKS FOR A CLEAN SPORT.



GOOD BYE - FOREVER!



FRENCH WOMEN MAY NOW JOIN THE MASONS.



CANUTE UP AGAINST IT AGAIN.

BOOKS

LIFE'S Choice

The Best Six Current Books

- Mitch Miller*, by Edgar Lee Masters.
Mainwaring, by Maurice Hewlett.
The Vanity Girl, by Compton Mackenzie.
About It and About, by D. Willoughby.
All Things Are Possible, by Leo Shestov.
Theodore Roosevelt and His Time Shown in His Own Letters, by Joseph Bucklin Bishop.

BROWNING'S "What's Become of Waring?" echoed for us as we read the first pages of Maurice Hewlett's *Mainwar-*

ing (Dodd, Mead). The echo was deeper than two syllables of a name. Mr. Hewlett's instinct for picturesque heroes, his gift for dramatic storytelling in words of color and vigor, are Browning traits. Mainwaring is a giant young Irish genius who had the idea, breath-taking in the 1880's, of inciting labor to raise the devil. People to whom the Icelandic sagas, for all Mr. Hewlett's art, remain mythical and cold—who can't read his *Gudrid the Fair*—can warm their blood with this tale of a born troublemaker.

We may be making a mighty poor guess, but we believe Edgar Lee Masters's first novel, *Mitch Miller* (Macmillan) is going to appeal (a) to all who like Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and (b) to all who enjoy a novel chiefly as a work of art. *Mitch Miller* is about two boys who lived in the Middle West and read about Tom and Huck, and then tried to live in their own lives the adventures they had read. Not Mitch, but Skeet, tells the story. Things get to the point where fact was with difficulty sepa-

rated from fiction. The boys were also influenced by the nearness of Springfield, which had been Lincoln's home. Mr. Masters supplies a powerful epilogue for grown readers only.

Except that he was born in Normandy, has lived mostly in England, served in 1914-1918, is married, and contributes articles to the London periodical, *Everyman*, we know nothing of "D. Willoughby," author of *About It and About* (Dutton)—brief essays on all manner of subjects from the British matron to Bernard Shaw. Moderate in view, witty in statement, generous in sympathies, these topical writings are perhaps for the few, but, from them, will get at least a second reading.

On the other hand, once, very slowly and piecemeal, may do in reading Leo Shestov's *All Things Are Possible* (McBride). This is a book of disconnected thoughts, crumbed criticism of life, literature, philosophy; with illustrations drawn chiefly from the lives

(Continued on page 977)



"SAY, OLD FELLOW, WOULD YOU MIND GOING AROUND WITH MY WIFE? SHE'S LOOKING FOR A PARTNER."

"NOT IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND GOING AROUND WITH MY SISTER'S AUNT. COME ON OVER AND I'LL INTRODUCE YOU."



Rejection Page

(Note: The contributions on this page have been rejected)

Sausages, Scrapple or Saveloys

IN Manhattan on Saturdays, sundry smart suburban snuggeries, salubriously situated, send streetwards soaring, strange seductive sage-seasoned savours, seemingly slaughtered swine substance, simmering silently, sizzling slowly, sauteing seared speckley spots, same sticking spitefully, suggesting symmetrically systematized sausages, smells stimulate snuffling, sniffing sounds; slim sentimental satin-suited self-satisfied satellites, supporting shimmering scintillating sunshades, stationwards sauntering, salute sky-searchingly, slyly steadfastly seeking source, surely scenting somewhere, scrapple, saveloys or sausages, from Staten Island or South Beach.

And Pity 'Tis 'Tis True

(In re the Staff)

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: Last year when the price of bread became higher and the size of the loaf smaller, the baker who came to my door in the morning answered me just this way:

"Your bread seems to be getting smaller every few days?" I asked him.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "Pretty soon I will not leave any bread at all—just collect fifteen cents."

This is a true story.

A READER.



Farmer: MUCH OBLIGED, MISTER. I COULDN'T BUDGE TH' CRITTER!

Now, Now—Please

THERE'S a phase of the suffrage question Which no one seems to have noted— Now that women have the vote, Will men then be de-voted?

Favorite Species

GAYBUCK: Are you going South with the birds this year?

GAYBOY: Well, I'm going to Cuba, where the swallows are.

Uh!

"I'M having a heap of trouble with my wife."

"Well, who isn't?"

Nice Weather We're Having—

IN the olden days a bow-legged girl could hide—

If We Left "Them" Untold

The Italics Are "Them"

"I RUSHED right up to the mouth of the cannon! But it wasn't loaded."

"I gently slipped my arm about her slender waist and pressed my lips to her velvety cheek. But she was my sister."

"Not once did I flinch as I faced the roaring lion, even though there was a bare ten feet between us. He was in a cage."

"The airplane swerved, dipped and made a peculiar spiral, and I realized that the machine was beyond my control. However, I never once lost my nerve. I was watching it from the ground."

"She was at the door, bag in hand, defiance in every line of her features. After one agonizing moment she turned the knob and passed out, and, with a sinking of the heart, I realized that she had gone from me forever. She was our cook."

"I had slept soundly, and the building was a seething furnace when I staggered to the window. 'Jump! Jump!' voices shouted, and I felt a thousand eyes focused upon me. Mounting the sill, I closed my eyes and leaped far out. It was only four feet to the ground."

As to This Page

LIFE has received inquiries as to whether the material in this page has actually been rejected by the editors or not. The answer is: Yes—with certain qualifications.

There is often a difference of opinion among readers as to what constitutes a joke or as to the value of a particular idea. A manuscript is often "funny" when lacking in literary technique; or it may be amusing and yet have certain other defects. It goes without saying that all this rejected material is paid for, and that there is not necessarily any measure of ignominy attached to its inclusion here. Indeed, some of LIFE's most highly valued contributors have thus honored us.

"Well, I Guess"

STRANGER (viewing funeral procession): Who's dead?

WILLIE: Why, the guy what's in the coffin.

STRANGER: But who is it?

WILLIE: It's the mayor.

STRANGER: So the mayor is dead, is he?

WILLIE: Well, I guess. Do you think he's havin' a rehearsal?

Lot's Wife

"A LADY sailor; perhaps," said she, "First case in the annals of history." He replied, "Unless my mind's at fault, Lot's wife, long since, was a female salt."

THE village boys were playing ball in the street after supper. They paused a moment to let a man pass with a pail of milk. "Game called on account of rain," shouted the local wit.

QUERY from a friend: Wouldn't a "Chicago" Number be a good one?

(But we would have to put something in it about Chicago.)

"WHY do you keep shouting, 'Oh, electricity!'"

"I want to say something shocking."



Down all the walks of life
Phoenix Hosiery spreads a
stout and unending carpet
for the tramp of strenuous
feet. A finer and a more
economical fabric the world
has probably never traveled
on. It is this dapper sturdi-
ness that has made it the
best selling line of hosiery
that the builders of trade
have ever known.

PHOENIX
HOSIERY





FIRST in

Owners' Records of

ONE hundred thousand miles is ordinary performance for a White Truck. Some have seen half a million miles of active service. Many have rounded out 200,000 and 300,000 miles, still doing a full day's work.

Spread over such mileages, the purchase price of a White Truck is a small item indeed in the

cost of transportation. Earning power continues long after the investment is written off the books.

Following is a list of owners' records which have come to our attention. There are probably many others. The list includes the names of owners and the number of their White Trucks that have gone 100,000 miles and more.

100,000 TO 150,000 MILES

Abraham & Straus	4	R. E. Cobb Co.	1	Hardy Furniture Co.	2	A. J. McCarty
Acme Cash Stores	1	Cody Transportation Co.	1	Hansen Motor Trucking Co.	1	McCreery & Co.
Adams & Piggott	2	Cohen Bros.	1	Harris & Mowry Co.	1	Dorman McFaddin
Addison Auto Bus Co.	2	John Collins	1	Jesse B. Hart & Ero.	1	McMahon Brothers
Akers & Harpham Co.	2	John D. Coneau	1	Louis Hartman & Sons	1	McMahon Transportation Co.
R. T. Allen & Bros.	1	Conrad-Baisch-Kroehle Co.	2	Haverty Furniture Co.	3	R. A. McWhirr Co.
American Stores Co.	1	Criss Bros.	1	J. Clark Helms	1	Madary's Planing Mill, Inc.
S. M. Anderton	1	Crystal Spring Water Co.	1	Herrmann & Grace Co.	1	Mandel Bros.
Andre & Andre	1	Culmerville Auto Transit Co.	1	Hession, Florist	1	Marathon Auto Drayage Co.
Andrews & Horgan	1	W. J. Daly Co.	2	Higbee Co.	1	Marsh-Murdoch Coal Co.
Anthony Bros.	3	Davis Furniture Co.	1	Highland Motor Transfer Co.	1	The May Co.
John Arata & Son	1	Denver & Pueblo Construction Co.	1	Highway Transit Co.	1	May & Co.
Joseph R. Arbiter Co.	1	Frank J. Derry	1	R. A. Hilborn	1	Henry P. Mayer Music House
Atlantic Ice & Coal Corp.	13	Diamond Spring Brewery	1	Holder Coal Co.	1	John Meckes Sons Co.
Atlantic Refining Co.	5	August Doemling	1	Holm & Olson	1	Merchants Biscuit Co.
Christian Atz	1	Dorchester & Rose	1	Horstmeyer's Grocery	1	Mesaba Transportation Co.
Bakersfield Truck Co.	1	Downes Lumber Co.	1	M. L. Hullett	1	Michaud Bros., Inc.
A. L. Bartlett Co.	1	Duncan & Goodell	1	Hursen Undertaker, Inc.	1	Michigan Seating Co.
F. X. Baumert	1	F. B. DuPree	1	Independent School District No. 51	1	Julius Miske
Bekins Van & Storage Co.	1	Duquesne Transfer Co.	2	Interstate Auto & Supply Co.	1	J. E. Monahan
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line	2	East Ohio Gas Co.	1	Interurban Auto Car Co.	1	Moore Transfer Co.
Bellevue & Allied Hospitals	1	T. Eaton Co., Ltd.	3	I. M. Iralson & Son	1	Moore-Handley Hardware Co.
Bergner Plumbing, Heat. & Sup. Co.	3	Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.	1	Jackson's Express & Van Co.	1	Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.
Billow Undertaking Co.	3	C. R. Elder	1	W. K. Jeffries	1	Morrison-Skinner Co.
Block & Kuhl Co.	1	L. E. Elliott	6	Johnson Educator Food Co.	1	Motor Transit Co.
J. B. Blood Co.	2	Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.	1	Johnson's Express Co.	1	Motor Transportation Co., Inc.
Louis H. Bolce Co.	1	Emerson Piano House	1	Jones Store Co.	1	Mountain Auto Line
Booneville Bottling Works	1	Factory Oil Co.	2	J. G. Justis Co.	1	Timothy Murphy
Boston Fresh Tripe Co.	1	Marshall Field & Co.	7	Kee & Chapell Dairy Co.	2	Murta Appleton & Co.
Boston Furniture Co.	1	Field & Poorman	2	Edward Kelly	1	National Plumbing & Heat. Sup. Co.
Bradford Baking Co.	17	Fleming Bros.	1	Kelly-Springfield Tire Co.	1	National Shawmut Bank of Boston
Albert A. Brager	1	Florida Motor Transportation Co.	18	Kimberly-Clark Co.	1	Nelson Farm
Bra-Nola Co.	1	Flynn-Froelk Co.	1	George C. Kirkhope	1	New Bedford Dry Goods Co.
Geo. M. Price	1	W. U. Fogwill	1	W. H. Kistler Stationery Co.	1	A. J. Norris
Eugene W. Bronecki	1	Fort Valley Coca Cola Bottling Co.	1	Knickerbocker Storage Co.	1	North St. Paul Casket Co.
Buffalo Plumbing Supply Co.	1	Alexander Fowler	1	Knoble Bros.	1	Norwich Motor & Machine Co.
Bullock's	5	R. J. Francis Moving Co.	2	P. C. Knowlton & Co.	1	Town of Norwood
City of Butte	1	Frank Franklin	1	G. W. Koehler Co.	1	V. G. Nottoli
W. L. Byrnes, Inc.	1	W. F. Frederick Piano Co.	2	Kohlberg Bros.	1	O'Neill & Co.
Caine-Grimshaw Co.	1	Fries & Schuele Co.	1	S. Kohn & Sons Co.	1	Orchard & Wilhelm
California Ice Co.	1	Fullington Auto Bus Co.	1	Kraus Heating & Plumbing Co.	1	Ott Hardware Company
Canton Provision Co.	1	Chas. Gaffney	4	J. S. Krochewsky	1	Oxford Dye Works
H. G. Capwell Co., Inc.	2	Gazette Printing Co., Ltd.	1	Theodor Kundtz Co.	4	Pacific Baking Co.
Carbont Coal Co.	1	General Baking Co.	1	F. Landon Cartage Co.	1	Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	1	Gifford's Express	1	S. Laskau	1	E. F. Pahl Co.
Carter-Mullaly Transfer Co.	1	Gimbel Bros.	25	Lee Bros. Furniture Co.	1	Palais Royal
M. Catalano & Sons	1	Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.	2	E. Lehnhardt Estate	2	G. E. Patterson & Co.
Central Paper Co.	1	Grady Hospital	2	Lexington Dry Goods Co.	3	Pearson Paper Box Co.
Chandler & Rudd Co.	5	A. Graham & Son	2	City of Lincoln Police Dept.	1	Pelletier Co.
City Coal Co.	1	Grand Rapids Lumber Co.	1	City of Los Angeles Police Dept.	1	People's Store Co.
City Ice Co.	1	Greenfield Electric Light & Power Co.	3	Los Angeles Gas & Elect. Corp.	1	Perkinwood Transportation Co.
City of Cleveland, Police Dept.	3	Greenfield Transfer Co.	1	Walter M. Lowney Co.	1	Perrett & Glenny
Cleveland Burial Case Co.	2	B. E. Grover	1	J. B. Lukens	1	Pierson Engineering & Constr. Co.
Cleveland Provision Co.	7	Gulf Refining Co.	1	E. B. McAllister & Co.	1	Postum Cereal Co.
Glover Leaf Dairy Co.	2	Fred Gunther Co.	1	Peter McCabe	2	Portland Damascus Milk Co.

WHITE

MILEAGE

100,000 Miles and More

W. E. Prouty
Puro Ice Cream Co.
Ramos Bros.
Caradoc Rees
Reichman-Grosby Co.
A. W. Reiser & Co.
Reliable Furniture Co.
Rhodes Bros., Inc.
Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.
W. S. Roe
Ryan Fruit Co.
Saks & Co.
Arthur H. Sagendorph
St. Paul Daily News
Salt Lake Transportation Co.
Samuelson, Florist
County of San Bernardino
Sandusky Furniture Store
San Joaquin Baking Co.
Santiago Orange Grove Association
Savage-Schofield Co.

1 C. Schmidt & Sons Brewing Co.
1 Schulze Baking Co.
1 Schuneman & Evans
1 Schuster & Gormely
2 Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney
1 Shaw Transfer Co.
1 Shenberg & Rubinoff
1 Frank Silvers
2 Franklin Simon & Co.
2 Smith Bros. & Burdick
1 Smith Green Co.
1 Augustus Snyder
1 South Bend Wholesale Grocery Co.
1 W. P. Southworth Co.
3 J. W. Spooner
1 Standard Oil Co. of Ohio
3 Star Store
1 Sterlinsky Products Co.
1 Sterling & Welch Co.
1 Stern Bros.
2 Steubenville Coal & Mining Co.

1 Stevens Hardware Co.
9 Stewart Taxi-Service Co.
1 Strouss-Hirshberg Co.
1 Sturgis Jones Last Co.
1 Telling-Belle Vernon Co.
1 A. C. Titus & Co., Inc.
1 Tuolumne Lumber Co.
1 J. M. Traxler
3 Tucson Cornelia & Gila Bend R. R.
1 Turner & Westcott
1 Twin City Motor Bus Co.
1 Union Lumber Co.
1 United Cape Cod Cranberry Co.
1 United States Army Q. M. C.
1 United States Bakery
1 United States Laundry
1 United Transportation Co.
3 Waltham Laundry
7 Watkins Bros., Inc.
2 Watson Paint & Glass Co.
2 Webster Transportation Co.

1 M. Weiland
18 Weinacker Ice & Fuel Co.
1 William Weller
1 M. F. Westergren, Inc.
2 West. Canada Flour Mills Co., Ltd.
1 Western Grocers, Ltd.
1 Western Motor Transfer Co.
3 D. J. Whelan Estate
2 White Hardware Co.
1 White Rapid Transit Corp.
4 White Transit Co.
1 W. M. Whitney & Co.
3 Chas. F. Wing Co.
2 Winkler Undertaking Co.
4 Woodward & Lothrop
2 Worcester Baking Co.
1 Zanesville Fruit Co.
1 Zettelmeyer Coal Co.
1 Zimmerman Bros.
1 Peter H. Zink
1 John Zitterbart

150,000 TO 200,000 MILES

Acme Furniture Co.
Addison Auto Bus Co.
Akron Storage and Contracting Co.
Atherton-Fowler Furniture Co.
C. W. Baker
Benicia & Vallejo Stage Line
Benz Co.
Bledsoe Co.
Bonwit, Teller & Co.
Botum Bros. Co.
Boulevard Transportation Co.
Bradford Baking Co.
Chicago Coopers Co.
Frank A. Cholewinski
Clover Leaf Dairy Co.
Coca Cola Bottling Works Co.
Columbus Transfer Co.
Conrad-Balsch-Kroehle Co.
Constance Lumber Co.
Cowlitz & Chehalis R. R. Co.
Denecke Co.
Denholm & McKay

1 Dixon Transfer & Storage Co.
1 East Ohio Gas Co.
1 T. Eaton Co., Ltd.
1 Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.
1 Eberhardt-Hayes Music Co.
1 Chas. F. Eggers Lumber Co.
1 Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.
1 Florida Motor Transportation Co.
2 Hugo H. Foerster
1 Foley Auto Delivery Co.
7 Foster & Kleiser Co.
9 William L. Freeman
1 Friends Hospital
1 Fries & Schuele
1 Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.
1 A. Graham & Son
5 Hale Auto Corp.
1 Hardy Furniture Co.
1 Charles E. Harris
1 Highway Transit Co.
1 Holt Stage Line Co.

1 Hudson's Bay Co.
1 M. L. Hullett
3 Hunt Mercantile Co.
1 Independent School District No. 51
1 Indianapolis Abattoir Co.
1 Edward Kelly
3 S. Laskau
3 Lyons Express Co.
2 M. J. Malloy
1 Massachusetts Baking Co.
1 Memphis News-Scimitar
1 C. J. Milligan Co.
1 Moran Trucking Co.
1 Mountain Auto Line
1 J. Mullany & Co.
1 Muscatine, Burlington & So. R. R.
1 M. O'Neil Co.
1 Orchard & Wilhelm
1 Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.
2 J. A. Poole
1 G. F. Reed & Son

1 Reemanyder Co.
1 Mark Regan & Son
1 Rocky Mountain Parks Transp. Co.
1 Roshek Bros. Co.
1 Alvin M. Schoenfeld
1 Schulze Baking Co.
2 Shepherd & Story
2 Smith Bros. Motor Truck Co.
2 Star Baking Co.
1 Chas. M. Steiff, Inc.
1 Tacoma Taxicab & Bag. Transf. Co.
1 James A. C. Tait & Co.
1 Telling-Belle Vernon Co.
1 Thompson & Thompson
1 Tooke Bros., Ltd.
1 20th Century Heating & Vent. Co.
1 Twin City Motor Bus Co.
1 United Home Dressed Meat Co.
1 United Transportation Co.
1 White Rapid Transit Corp.
1 White Transit Co.
2 Woodlawn Imp. Assn. Transp. Corp.

200,000 TO 300,000 MILES

Armour & Company
Atlantic Refining Co.
Austin Motor Transportation Co.
Baum's Home of Flowers, Inc.
A. E. Berry
Bonwit, Teller & Co.
Bower Transportation Co.
Broadway Taxi Operating Co.
Burns & Campbell Co.
California Ink Company
George M. Cooley Co.
A. Dumani, Ltd.
Eatonville-Tacoma Stage Co.
Emerick's Motor Bus Line Co.

2 Florida Motor Transportation Co.
1 Fowler, Dick & Walker
1 Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.
1 Fullington Auto Bus Co.
1 Hansen Motor Trucking Co.
3 Harper Garage Co.
1 W. J. Hay Co.
8 Higbee Co.
1 Highway Transit Co.
2 Holt Stage Line Co.
1 Huddleston Park
1 Hudson's Bay Co.
1 M. L. Hullett
6 Kirchners

2 McLaughlin Transfer Co.
1 McMahon Transportation Co.
2 Madera-Fresno Stage Co.
1 Malandre Bros.
1 Maryland Transportation Co.
1 Mendham Garage Co.
2 Mesaba Transportation Co.
2 Mountain Auto Line
2 Ocean County Coal Co.
2 Pacific Brewing & Malting Co.
1 Frank M. Pauli
1 E. C. Petrie
2 Phelps-Dodge Corporation

2 T. S. Reed Grocery Co.
2 G. F. Reed & Son
2 W. S. Roe
1 Alvin M. Schoenfeld
4 Arlington Setzer
2 Shepherd & Story
2 Smith Brothers Motor Truck Co.
1 W. P. Southworth Co.
1 Tri-State Telephone & Telegraph Co.
1 Tuscola Produce Co.
1 Twin City Motor Bus Co.
1 Warner & Company
1 Westfield Laundry Co.
9 White Transit Co.

300,000 MILES AND MORE

Alexander & Walling
Artesian Well & Supply Co.
Frank Bird Transfer Co.
Bower Transportation Co.

1 Columbus Bread Company
1 Fuller Dry Cleaning Co.
7 Hancock Bros. Fruit Co.

2 Humptulps Logging Co.
2 N. S. Koos & Sons
2 Madera-Fresno Stage Co.

1 Alvin M. Schoenfeld
1 Tacoma Transit Co.
3 Thompson & Thompson
1 Wouters Laundry

THE WHITE COMPANY, *Cleveland*

TRUCKS



The Boy Wanted

A business man advertised for an office boy. The next morning there were some fifty boys in line. He was about to begin examining the applicants when his stenographer handed him a card on which was scribbled:

"Don't do anything until you see me. I'm the last kid in line, but I'm telling you I'm there with the goods."—*Everybody's*.

Driven to It

"Ah, you have a dog, I thought you didn't like dogs."

"I don't. But my wife picked up a lot of dog soap at a bargain sale."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A News Item

From the Osgood (Ind.) *Journal*: "Vernon Vayhinger has moved his law office from where he was to where he now is."



Mr. Henpeck: WOT'S YER STEAK LIKE TER-DAY?
The Sentimental Butcher: TENDER AS A WOMAN'S 'EART, MR 'ENPECK.

Mr. Henpeck: OH, IS IT? THEN I'LL 'AVE SOME TRIPE.

—Will Owen, in *The Sketch* (London).

Seeing It Through Georgia

It's your world an' my world,
Whatever be in view.
And how you're goin' to run your part
Is squarely up to you;
But somehow or other
We're goin' to see it through,
No matter for the rocky road we travel!
—Frank L. Stanton, in *Atlanta Constitution*.

A Dead Letter

A colored man in Chattanooga, Tenn., wrote this letter to a colored man in Macon, Ga.:

"DEAR SAM: Is you dead or is you alive? If you is alive, send me that ten dollars you owes me.—GEORGE."

A week later George received this reply:
"DEAR GEORGE: I is dead, and that ten dollars was used to help buy my coffin.—SAM."—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

"It is a gamble pure and simple" is how Tex O'Rourke characterizes the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. In that respect it differs sharply from the 1919 world's series, which was a gamble simple.

—F. P. A., in *New York Tribune*.

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THE food at the
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Hollenden quality.
It is tasteful with the
variety and careful
cooking of your club
or home table. The
chef has spent a good
many years making
his food the kind that
pleases Hollenden
guests.

THE
HOLLENDEN
CLEVELAND

NO MISGIVING IF YOU GIVE THE CENTURY

You know that awful feeling when you've bought a gift. As if he or she would be certain not to care for it. Stupid thing to have bought. Yet—what would they like, anyway?—O, damn!

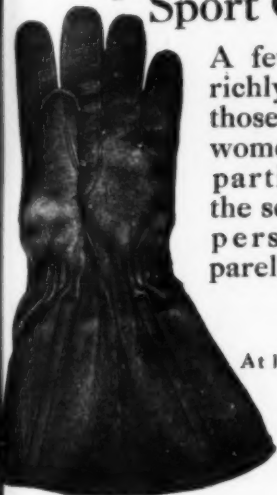
Now try this: You put in any name you like and read this out loud: "Would(NAME)..... like The Century for Christmas?"

All right; we always thought you were a man of superior intelligence! Then, all you have to do is make a list and send it to us, with your check. It's \$4.00 a year. Then, for you:

No crowds, no waiting, no further trouble. It arrives on Christmas day (a card with your compliments, if you ask us).

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Men and
women. The
de luxe for
driving.

Don't Blame the Dogs

THE one who possessed much wealth was talking to her friend who had never experienced riches. They were having tea at the former's beautiful town house.

"Do you take cream, my dear?" asked the wealthy one.

"Oh, yes," said her friend. "I allow myself that luxury even at home."

The rich one raised her eyebrows.

"You buy cream? Why, I'm sure I don't see how you can afford it. Really, I think you are very extravagant."

"Perhaps," said the friend. Why was it, she thought to herself, that the rich regarded all luxuries as their own exclusive right? But she was roused from her thoughts by the panting arrival of two dogs, a Pekingese and a Pomeranian.

"Darlings," said the rich one, as the dogs yapped before her, "you knew it was tea time, didn't you, loves? How they do love sponge cake and cream!"

Mary Graham Bonner.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

you have a right to expect the most efficient, durable and thoroughly satisfactory fountain pen that money can buy. You have more than the right to expect it—you have the guarantee of its maker backed by a service that extends to every corner of the civilized globe, to assure it.

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Lacking

BROWNE: That woman doesn't know her own mind.

"Why, she doesn't even know her husband's."

When does the Christmas season really begin? The first week in December, when LIFE'S Christmas number comes out. It's on sale at all newsstands Monday, November 29th, 25 cents.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



The Subtle Insult

"Two young bootblacks, whose stands are close together on Tremont Street, quarreled the other day," said a clever paragrapher in *Wroe's Writings*. "I'll get even wit' that guy yet," vowed the smaller of the two.

"Goin' to fight him, are yer, Jimmie?" he was asked.

"Naw," said Jimmie, "but when he gets troo polishin' a gent, I'm goin' to say ter that gent, soon's he steps off the chair, 'Shine, sir? Shine?'"

—*Argus (Seattle).*

In a Pinch, use **ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.**

NEWCOMER (in Greenwich Village): Is this place in Green-witch Village?

THE TEA-ROOM PIRATE: Yes, but we call it Grenitch.

NEWCOMER: Grenitch, eh? Well, gimme a ham samitch.—*Williams Purple Cow.*

GENUINE ASPIRIN



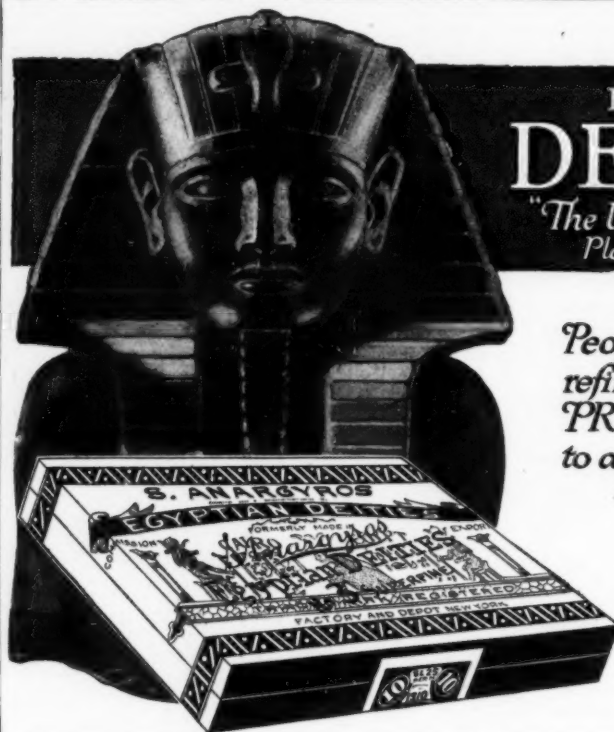
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Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture and refinement invariably **PREFER** Deities to any other cigarette.

30¢

S. Anargyros
Makers of the Highest Grade
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

Yearnings and Memories

Liquor there is—but how I miss the Bar!

I miss a certain attitude of mind,
Congenial, which I seek but never find
Except beneath the golden trip le star
Which from the brandy bottle shines afar.

I miss a type of jest that was designed
For roaring barrooms warmed with booze,
and kind—

Good Gawd! how coarse and low my real
tastes are!

I miss an ambling, splay-foot waiter's beak,
Which like some red peninsula of hell
Glowed through the humming barroom's
smoky reek—

I miss the lies I used to hear men tell
Over the telephone to waiting wives—
What sweet aromas had these joyous lives!

—*Don Marquis, in New York Sun.*

At Sea

"What is that wiggling object off near the horizon?"

"Don't know. Guess it must be a nervous wreck."—*Columbia Jester.*

Australia Speaks

Vers libre, when it means dull words dribbling at irregular intervals down a page, has no more beauty than a dictionary which has been through a sausage-machine.

—*Sidney Bulletin.*

ONE has to admit that the New York Police Department has the most magnificent collection of clues in existence.

—*James J. Montague, in New York World.*

LIFE'S great Christmas number will be on sale Monday, November 29th. Price 25 cents.

Cover by Maxwell Parrish.

The Ideal Winter Resort PRINCESS HOTEL BERMUDA

HOWE & TWOBOGER, Managers
Directly on the Harbor. Accommodates 400.
Open Dec. 6 to May 1. Reached by Steamers of the
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By A. A. MILNE

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E. P. DUTTON & CO., 681 5th Ave., N. Y.

Mark! Did you hear that?

Is the children, laughing—jolly, infectious laughter!

What would you give to be the one to awaken such pure joy?

You needn't "give your soul," or any of those extravagant pledges. It's simpler: just give

ST. NICHOLAS

The gift of gifts

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At four dollars a year. We send a gift-card, with your name, and the beautiful special Christmas number, to arrive on Christmas Day. Address: The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



The Swell: THEY'RE LUCKY! THEIR DAY'S WORK IS OVER. I'VE GOT TO CLIMB INTO EVENING CLOTHES AND SIT THROUGH THE OPERA BEFORE MINE IS

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January 29th
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Including the best there is to see in South America and the celebrated trip over the Andes. Down the West Coast on the luxurious Pacific Line steamer, "Ebro"—up the East Coast via the Lamport & Holt Line. Seventy days of pleasure on land and sea. An extended program of sight-seeing in all the principal cities of South America.

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23 days under
Tropical skies
\$450 up

January 15th, S. S. Ulua; February 19th, S. S. Toloa, of the Great White Fleet. These new steamers built for cruising in the tropics offer the comforts of an ocean liner. Visiting Havana, Santiago, Port Antonio, Kingston, Cristobal, Panama Canal, Port Limon, San Jose and Havana.

Tours To the ORIENT

Honolulu, Japan, Manchuria, North and South China and the Philippine Islands. Sailing from Vancouver January 13; from San Francisco January 24, February 5 and 20, March 16, April 2 and 30, May 28 and June 25; from Seattle March 11. Small parties under personal escort. Write for details.

Tours To EUROPE

Winter tours to Northern Africa, Algeria and Tunisia, Sicily, Egypt and the Nile. Leaving New York January 6, February 3 and 9, March 9 and 17. Also general tours of Europe sailing frequently during March, April and May. Write for details.

CALIFORNIA and FLORIDA Tours

Conducted tours leaving each week from the middle of January throughout the winter to California and Florida. Stopover privilege enabling individuals to return independently or with a later tour. Write for details.

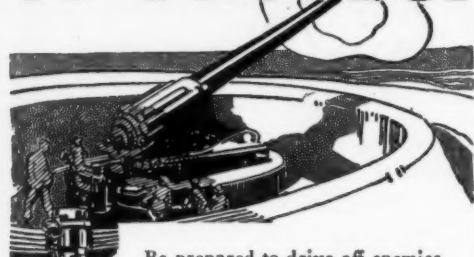
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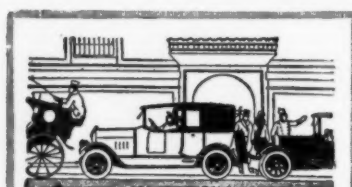
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Frightfulness

BOSTON BOY: I thanked Mrs. Back-bay in German, mother.

NEW YORK MOTHER: Why, Waldo, how horrible!

BOSTON BOY: You know you told me to say "Thanks awfully." Well, that's the awfulest way I knew.

"**ARE** John and Mary engaged?"

"No—not since Mary started giving him lessons in golf."

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SCRIBNER'S FOR 19

My Brother

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON

THE SISTER OF COLONEL ROOSEVELT has spoken scores of times, particularly before young children, about her brother and his views on the right kind of good Americans. Now she has set down the intimate personal recollections of her brother from nursery days until he became the leading citizen of the world. "I want to write my own recollections of him," says Mrs. Robinson, "our talks together all his life, our personal letters. My view of him in the book is THE GREAT SHARER, giving life and the best that was in him to his family, his friends, and the country. This remarkable narrative will run through SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, beginning in the January number.

MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL "ADVENTURING AFTER ADVENTURE"

Major Powell, who has been in every war for the last twenty years as correspondent or as officer, and in times of peace has travelled in many strange countries, recently returned from a "Motion-Picture Expedition in Malaysia." His narrative has all the variety of scene and the supply of odd characters and situations that make the charm of a comic opera by Gilbert and Sullivan or George Ade. The narrative will be fully illustrated with pictures made from the films.



MAKING A FRENCH UNIVERSITY OUT OF A GERMAN UNIVERSITY

Professor Charles Downer of Columbia University, will the next academic year at the university of Strasbourg, Alsace, on American History. He will describe the faculty of two hundred men has been built at bourg from Frenchmen; the great German has, of course, entirely disappeared.



PSYCHOLOGY GOLDBRICKS

Henry Foster Adams, President of the Psychological Laboratory of Michigan, will contribute a group of articles "Psychology Goldbricks." They are a criticism of the grounds of memory systems, system training the will, character analysis, and so-called "applied psychology." They tell and impartially the strong and weak points systems discussed.



THE WIRELESS WORLD

A new world of the air has developed. It has its own social side and its personal code. The men who are talking through the air are a class apart, and W. G. Shepherd, who describes it, is familiar with this interesting development, made more interesting by the recent talk around the world from the great wireless tower started by the Americans at Bordeaux.

SHORT STORIES—TIMELY ARTICLES

will be contributed next year by such famous authors as:

BRANDER MATTHEWS
ALEXANDER DANA NOYES
ERNEST C. PEIXOTTO
KATHARINE F. GEROULD
CARTER GOODLOE
THOMAS NELSON PAGE
LOUIS DODGE

HENRY VAN DYKE
MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT
MARY R. S. ANDREWS
HARRIET WELLES
MARY SYNON
PAUL VAN DYKE
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and a host of others.

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Mail this now so that you will get all the 75th anniversary features

Books

(Continued from page 966)

and writings of Tolstoi and Turgenev. But clear, clear! (Think of clarity in a Russian writing partly on metaphysical themes!) Shestov is dogmatic, sometimes scornful, often destructive and always without an axe to grind—he attempts to prove nothing. Indeed, the original title of the book was *The Apotheosis of Groundlessness*. D. H. Lawrence's introduction could be spared.

The Vanity Girl (Harper), by Compton Mackenzie. Sylvia Scarlett reappears in this novel, but the heroine is a London chorus girl who captures a title and then out-patricians the patricians. Clever, sometimes a little smarty; interesting, throughout.

Theodore Roosevelt and His Times Shown in His Own Letters (Scribner), by Joseph Bucklin Bishop. The keystone in an arch of Rooseveltiana, built toward, and its place prepared by, the Thayer and Abbott biographies and the earlier publication of *Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children*. Yet the average American will still best "get the man" by perusing John J. Leary, Jr.'s *Talks with T. R.*

\$1,200 a Year (Doubleday, Page), by Edna Ferber and Newman Levy. Three-act comedy on professors who get \$1,200 a year and millhands who get \$120 a week. Amusing lines; but the authors, unable to work out their situation, take refuge in farce, and the reader takes refuge in pinocchio.

Night and Day (Doran), by Virginia Woolf. Unlike *The Voyage Out*, this novel was intelligible to us. We should call it a protracted study of the intellectualized emotions of five externally uninteresting English people. Outwardly, nothing whatever happens; nor is there any of the inner melodrama which makes Henry James so exciting to those who master his style. The book is only for those who will enjoy the author's very fine art, caring nothing for the material upon which it is expended.

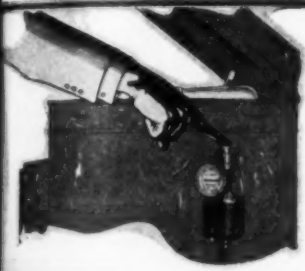
Sunbeams, Inc. (Doubleday, Page), by Julian Street. Satire on modern advertising and self-advertising methods; not very interesting unless an action at law should enable us to identify Mr. Sweet's "Belwyn Brown."

The Elfin Artist (Stokes), by Alfred Noyes. Mr. Noyes loves the English countryside and hates radicals, jazz and the shimmy. Who shares his tastes and opinions will like his verse—we would scarcely call it poetry, except the "Four Songs, After Verlaine."

Grant M. Overton.

A Fitting Memorial

THE Corporation of Harvard College is concerned in the issue of the *Memoirs of the Harvard Dead in the War Against Germany*, and Mr. W. A. De Wolfe Howe, who is writing them, is the Corporation's appointee. There are to be four volumes, with notices of three hundred and sixty men. The first volume, *The Vanguard*, is out, and contains likenesses and biographies of sixty men who died in the war before the United States got into it. The book, published by the Harvard University Press, is a handsome and dignified piece of book-making, a model of what such a memorial should be.



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Am I Going To Be Huck Finn?

Students have tried and failed, to put Huck Finn on canvas. So we turned to the photographer. "I know every lad," he said, and called him in.

His freckled face was one ecstatic grin. "Gee, am I really going to be Huck Finn?" he gasped. "There's nothing I've ever wanted to be so much as Huck! Ain't this great!"

Then the camera clicked and here he is. Did you ever want to be Huck Finn? Be him in your mind. Read

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5 Volumes

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Bedtime Stories

THE Serpent sidled up to Adam with an ingratiating smile. "Nice orchard," he observed.

Our Common Ancestor glanced up absently from his latest experiment in fermentation. "So so," he answered.

"Every try them?" asked the Serpent, looking at the apples.

"No," said Adam. "What you don't know won't hurt you."

"Kind of a Fool's Paradise," hissed the Snake, sliding away.



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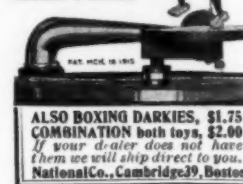
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